The Bystander, September 18, 1907

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 198.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 18, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A ROYAL EMBRACE

Queen Alexandra kisses her brother, King Frederick of Denmark, on landing from the Royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert," at Tolboden, en route for Copenhagen, where she is now staying

No. 198.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday September 18, 1907

There are critics who profess to believe that the sham-wars such as have been going on in Westphalia are no real test of an Army's power of endurance. Yet it is reported that, on one such occasion, the Kaiser "addressed, on horseback, his assembled officers for two and a quarter hours."

* * *

"On the same occasion," says our authority, "the Kaiser showed a wonderful attention to even the minutest details. The correct adjustment of a private's sight or a badly repaired boot was not beneath his notice." One would have supposed that the boot, at any rate, must have been.

* * *

British Columbians have no great opinion of the Japanese. They maintain that the fact of the Japanese pursuing the Vancouver rioters with sticks and broken bottles, when the latter were merely playfully breaking up the former's homes, shows conclusively that the Japs are far less quick than is supposed in assimilating Western ideas of civilisation and self-restraint.

* * *

At Southend, the Men's Beauty Show is said to have attracted a large attendance, and in this connection it is interesting to note that there will be an important meeting to discuss National Degeneration later on in the autumn.

* * *

Are we afraid of being called healthy? Judging from the following advertisement in the *Daily Graphic*, we must be:

> Quiet, refined Home for those requiring care; invalid, otherwise, or aged; moderate terms.

"Otherwise" seems a curious description of one who is not an invalid or aged. "How are you?" "Oh, I'm pretty otherwise, thank you!" It doesn't somehow express quite the buoyant spirits of a hale person.

* * *

Though an agricultural metaphor usually pleases an English audience, many people are of opinion that Mr. Haldane's statement about "the Liberal Government having got in a good harvest" is premature. In their opinion, the Liberals have so far only piled up the "shocks."

Something akin to a panic prevails in the neighbourhood of Great Wyrley. The police have not arrested any inhabitants for several days.

* * *

We cannot applaud the action of Miss Evelina Palmer, the wealthy New York lady who is trying to popularise a stockingless Greek costume, in marrying Angelo Sikelianas, a Greek poet. This practice of selecting one's husband to match one's clothes strikes us as reprehensible.

* * *

The marriage, however, opens up an interesting moral problem, which we shall leave to those of our readers who are experts in casuistry to decide. Suppose that, in order to win the affections of the lady, Mr. Sikelianas had promised not to, would he, later on (after the wedding had been celebrated), be justified in wearing socks?

* * *

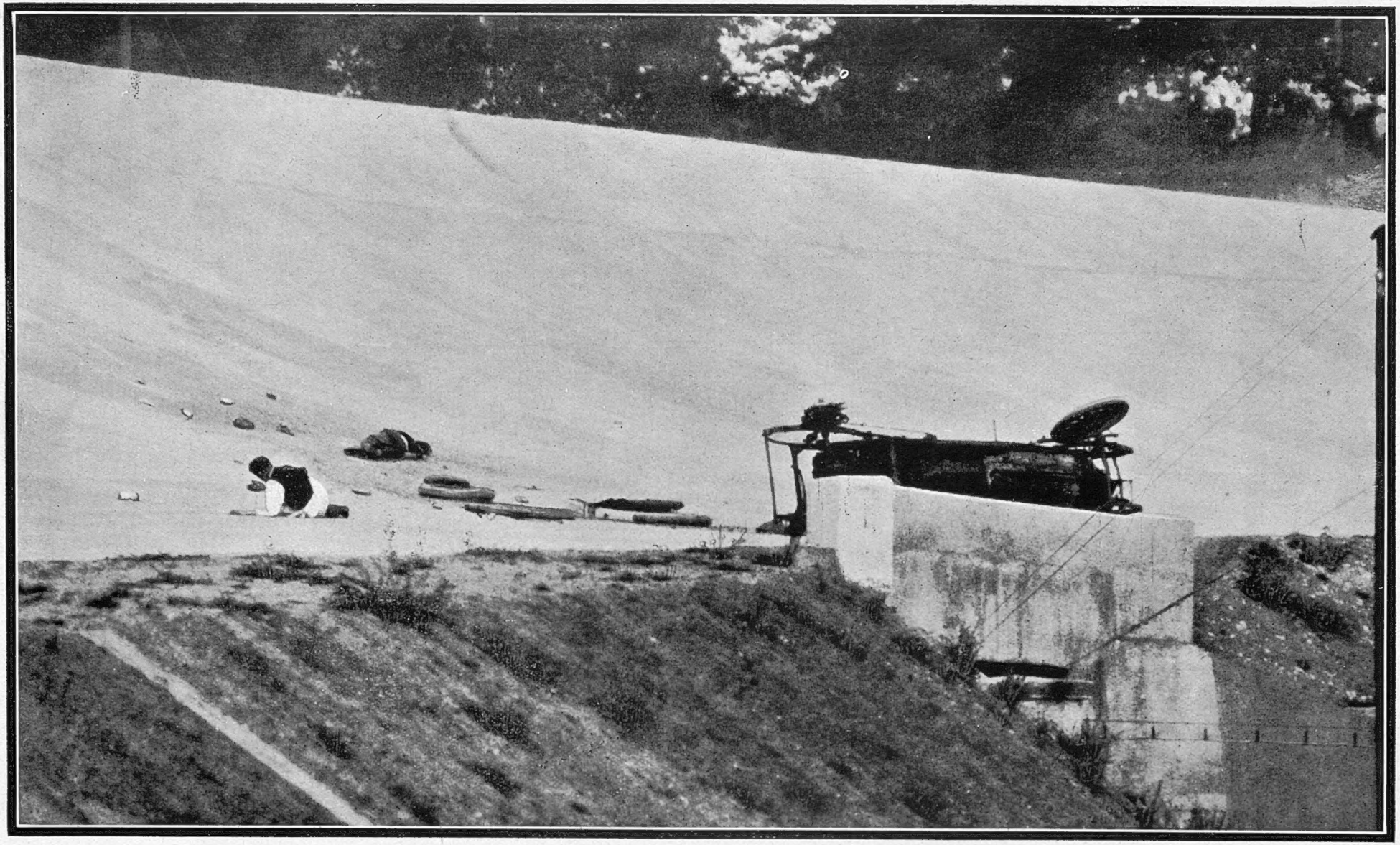
Mr. Brace, M.P., one of the Labour Members who have been investigating the Swiss military system, has authorised the statement that, so far as he can see, the Swiss lower orders are intensely clean and happy. We trust the Swiss are gratified with this *pronunciamento*, and we can only attribute it to their notorious want of tact that they have not, so far, seen their way to returning the compliment.

THE RETORT UNEXPECTED

"Fancy paying five hundred for that car! Why, I bought a rattling car of the same make for three-seventy-five"

"Yes. I've heard it!"

By Bert Thomas



THE PERILS OF MOTOR-RACING: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF SATURDAY'S FATAL ACCIDENT AT BROOKLANDS

An otherwise most successful meeting at Brooklands was, on Saturday, marred by a fatal accident in the 60 h.-p. race of 150 sovs. Mr. Vincent Herman, driving a 35 h.-p. Minerva, after passing the finishing point, continued his course along the straight at full speed. He was unable to turn sufficiently quickly, and the car ran up the sloping bank. The rear wheel ran over the concrete edge, and, to save himself from being thrown over the slope on the other side, Mr. Herman turned the wheel suddenly, with the result that the car came round almost at right angles, toppled over on its side, rebounded, and then turned a complete somersault. The driver and mechanic were thrown out. Mr. Herman fell under the car, but the mechanic, Slade, was, as seen in the photograph, thrown clear of it. Though he was alive when extricated, the unfortunate driver died soon afterwards

RACING NOTIONS

DONCASTER IMPRESSIONS. By "CARBINE"

The St. Leger

Wool Winder won, and no mistake. It was not one of those breathless finishes which leave you doubting whether the second, or even the third, ought not to have scored. On the contrary, the race was won "anyhow." Halsey was, very properly, not disposed to cut things fine, and, when the straight was entered, he let the favourite stride along in front just as he liked. As soon as Wool Winder was given his head, we saw the difference in quality between him and the rest of the field. He seemed to leave them standing. One moment he was racing at Acclaim's quarters. The next he was four lengths ahead. It was a most convincing display of immense superiority, and nobody can say that the St. Leger of 1907 was not won by the best of the horses which ran for it. What would Orby have done, if fit and well? Ah! that is a question which can never be answered satisfactorily. Yet Orby is to race again next season, and "Boss' Croker is hopeful that he will lower Wool Winder's colours, just as he did at Epsom. But the odds would certainly be on the St. Leger winner.

Champions Struggle for the Cup

Naturally, the St. Leger is accepted as the centre of interest at Doncaster, but, as a matter of fact, this year the great race of the week was the Doncaster Cup on Friday. The field of six was, perhaps, the finest seen out in modern times. There was The White Knight, deservedly favourite on the strength of his triumphs at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. There was Bridge of Canny, who had proved his rare quality by a notable victory earlier in the week. There was the remarkable Velocity, equally good over long and short courses. Also splendid stayers like Querido, Torpoint, and Radium. It was, in fact, an ideal contest. The White Knight, of course, looked a good thing, and was backed accordingly. The struggle was ever so much more exciting than that for the St. Leger, and the tension was tremendous as those mighty champions fought out their battle. A weak spot was found at last in The White Knight, and for the first time this season the great stayer knew defeat. Velocity finished in front of him, and Bridge of Canny too. I never saw a grander performance than Velocity's. How ridiculous it is to talk about the decadence of the British thoroughbred after this superb display of courage and powers of endurance.

The Best Horse in the World

On the strength of this memorable success, Velocity has been termed the best horse in the world, and the description is well deserved. Nothing within reason is impossible to such a performer, and his chance of winning the Cambridgeshire under 9st. 10lb. is by no means to be ignored. Several other horses that ran prominently at Doncaster appear to have good prospects for the big autumn handicaps. Among them is Radium, who, before the Cesarewitch, will probably be seen in the Newbury Autumn Cup on September 27, and he ought to go very near to winning it. A doughty antagonist he may have in old Hammerkop, who showed us last week that she is getting back to her best form. She is, of course, also engaged for the Cesarewitch, but here Fugleman holds her safe at the weights, and Gilpin's stable will certainly have a better candidate in Baltinglass. Seeing that he has to carry only 6st. 9lb., it is not surprising to find Major Loder's colt favourite for the Cesarewitch in the little betting which, so far, has been recorded. But while acknowledging the youngster's big chance on his St. Leger running, I think it will be just as well to wait until after Newbury before taking the odds about anything.

The Winner of the St. Leger: Wool Winder (Halsey up)

Ayr and Manchester

The best meeting of the year in Scotland begins at Ayr on Wednesday. On the second day, the Ayrshire Handicap may be won by **Thunderbolt** or **Powder Puff.** The Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on Saturday is the chief event of the week, and Mr. Gilpin looks like having a dangerous representative in Mildew II. or Weather cock, but I think that **Larino** should win if he has retained his good form of the Spring.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

At Tulchan Lodge

All this week the King is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge. Two days of his visit are to be devoted to the grouse on the Advie and Tulchan moors, on one he will shoot over Lady Seafield's Castle Grant moors, and another will be spent at "Gorgeous Gordon," visiting the Duke of Richmond. On the homeward drive, last year's programme is to be carried out to the letter, and a call for tea will be made on Colonel Vivian at Delfur. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon are among the most intimate of the King's *entourage*. The Sassoons being of Eastern extraction, curries, it is needless to say, form an important part of their dinner menus. The King has a strong partiality for these toothsome savouries.

* * *

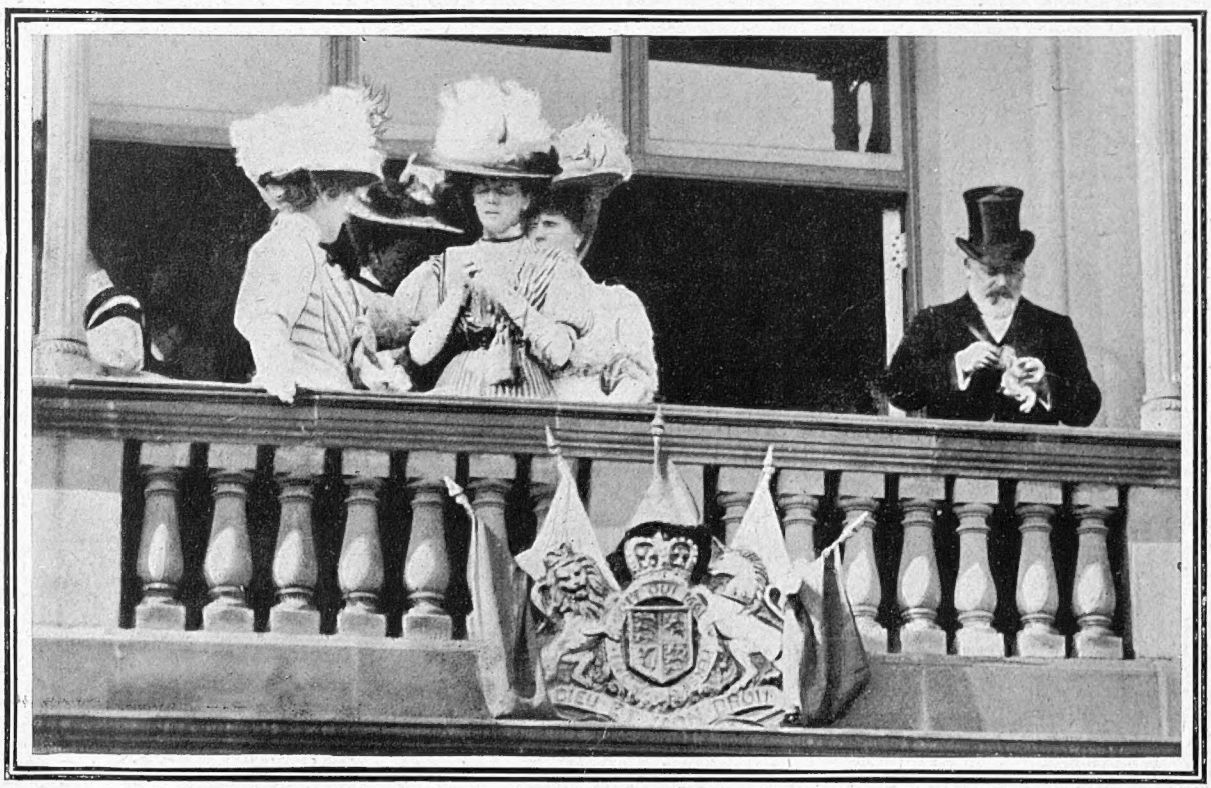
Doncaster

Perfect summer weather, some good racing and popular winning, and a record attendance, made always delightful Doncaster this year doubly delightful. Never have I seen such a crowd on the Moors. It was more like Ascot or the Derby. Summer frocks, painted sunshades, and a wilderness, or rather an over-grown tropical forest, of enormous, waving, feathery hats, made a Garden of Dreams (both nice and nasty) of the Ladies' Enclosure. The course rode beautifully. The sun was shining with all its might. Jupiter Pluvius never even winked. The King, in radiant health and spirits, was put into even more than his usual good humour by the popular win (for which, by the way, all the ladies went solid) of Coxcomb on Tuesday. It is almost futile to attempt to describe the frocks—there were so many of them, and they were all so beautiful; and to say who were there is but to repeat the names of those present at Ascot and at Goodwood, and to foretell the names of those who will be present at Newmarket early next month. The ladies of the Royal house-party were among the best dressed there. Lady Savile was elaborately gowned in black and white, and wore some lovely pearls; and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, *à la* "The Merry Widow" of Daly's, wore a rose-pink Japanese silk coat over a thin black gown.

* * *

Some Frocks

Mrs. George Keppel, in white lace, carried to an even greater extreme her habit of wearing her French hats well tilted over one eye; Lady Norreys (the future Countess of Abingdon) looked well in white; Mrs. Ronald Greville was wearing some superb diamonds; and Miss Jane Thornewill, Lady Burton's sister, another member of the Royal party and the finest lady bridge-player in England, put all the butterflies



The King at Doncaster: His Majesty with Lady Savile in the Royal Box

The King, radiant in health and spirits after his stay in Marienbad, paid his wonted visit to Rufford Abbey as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile for the Doncaster Races. On Tuesday he made a popular win with Coxcomb in the Doncaster Welter Handicap

A Record St. Leger

PERSONALITIES IN THE PADDOCK AT DONCASTER

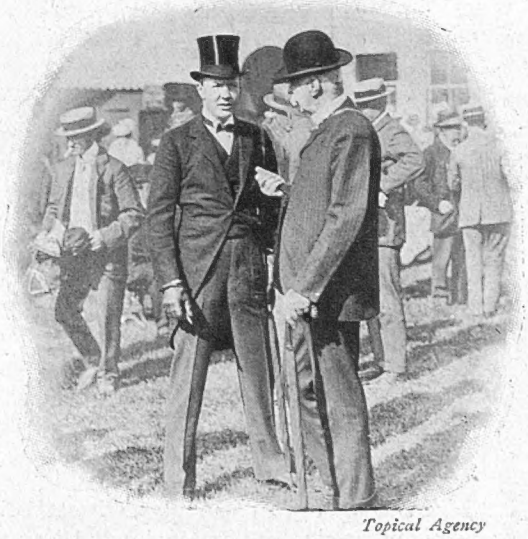
Lord Allendale (the r chest man in England) chatting with Mrs. John Peace

Lady Sarah Wilson having a tête-a-tete with the Duke of Marlborough

Lord Savile, the King's Host during Doncaster Week

Photos

Baroness and Baron de Forest



Topical Agency

Duke of Westminster talking to the Hon. Frank Parker

This year's St. Leger was a record in the matter of weather and attendance. The scene in the paddock and ladies' enclosure was of the gayest and brightest description, and the onlooker would have imagined himself present at Ascot or Epsom rather than at Doncaster

The Death of a Famous Sportsman

to shame by appearing all the week in severe grey tweed. Painted gauze gowns worn by Lady Savile, by Lady Sarah Wilson, Mrs. Godfrey Heneage, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, and Lady Fitzwilliam were much in evidence. Lady Marjorie and Lady Letty Manners, were both quite pictures in very flat mushroom hats, old-world white lawn frocks, and blue ribands. The Duchess of Newcastle and the Baroness de Forest were of those who patronised the fashionable pale sulphur yellow shade, and Mrs. Sofer Whitburne was one of the prettiest of the many pretty women present.

* * *

Record Beating

The *Lusitania's* initial trip, though not constituting a world's record for the entire crossing, was of such a creditable nature that it is probable that within the next few months Germany will lose the record which the *Deutschland* made in 1900. The *Lusitania* has marked a new epoch in shipping history, a fact which our American cousins fully realised by the splendid welcome they gave her on her arrival. In our next number we hope to publish photographs of the Cunarder's arrival at New York.

* * *

The Late Mr. Edgar Lubbock

Mr. Edgar Lubbock, Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, who died so suddenly last week from heart failure, was the youngest of the band of brothers of whom Lord Avebury is the eldest, having been the eighth son of the late Sir John Lubbock. He was a great sportsman and a universal favourite, and his career was as successful as it was interesting. At Eton he was captain of both the cricket and football teams, won the Fives for three years, and was President of Pop. He played for the M.C.C. team in the Canada and America tour of 1872 and three times for England against Scotland in Association Football. He won the Redcoat Steeplechase at the Belvoir Hunt Meeting five times, and only recently resigned the Mastership of the Blankney Hounds.

Photo *Hodgkinson*

The Late Mr. Edgar Lubbock

The Deputy Governor of the Bank of England and High Sheriff of Lincolnshire. He was a skilled horseman and a fine rider to hounds. Up to the end of last season he was Joint Master of the Blankney F.H. with Lord Charles Bentinck

* * *

An Aristocratic Democrat

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, whose latest hobby, that of draining Sowley, the hundred acre lake on the Beaulieu estate, is creating wide-spread interest in Hampshire, is versatility itself. Under a charming personality, he veils that most delightful of anomalies—an aristocratic democrat. An aristocrat by birth and lineage, a democrat in intellect, sympathies, and ambition, and in his determination to rest on no laurels save his own. I do not know of any sport in which his lordship does not quite creditably dabble. He is, of course, England's patron saint of motoring, both by land and water. In his paper, *The Car*, he writes of it; in the Upper House he talks of it; and always he does it. He is a keen fisherman, a rowing and a yachting man, and a first-rate shot both at the butts and the birds. He is passionately fond of music, and he has long been known as a journalist, one of his first activities in this direction having been that of war correspondent to the *Times* during the Matabele War.

* * *

—And His Fishpond

The experiment Lord Montagu is now carrying out with regard to Sowley Lake is, I believe, unique in the history of fishing. He has for long contemplated turning the old monks' fish preserve—for it was first made by the old monks of the Cistercian monastery at Beaulieu—into a trout lake pure and simple, and thereby creating the finest "sporting" water that ever gave greeting to the angler who, like the poet, must be born not made. With this in view, Lord Montagu made preparations for draining the lake, and last week, for three days, netted the fish within it.

* * *

Liberia

A more enviable renown England never won . . . . . than when the perishing Africans called to her, and she listened and saved.

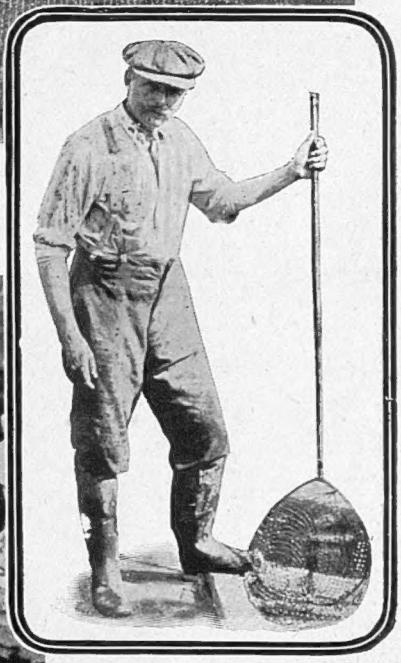
The Republic of Liberia, says Sir Harry Johnston, the great authority on that country, in his book thereon, is "an attempt and an atonement." An attempt to establish a civilised negro State in the West African forest, and a "somewhat belated" atonement made by Britain and by America for the evils of the slave-trade. In this small African Republic is being tried the "most serious and most cautious experiment in negro self-government." The descendants of slaves, impressed with European culture, are to devise a new and appropriate civilisation, preserving the best of American teaching, eliminating its faults, and adding thereto features suitable to the negro's physique and mentality. For the "unfettered development of the black race," we

Fishes as Evicted Tenants

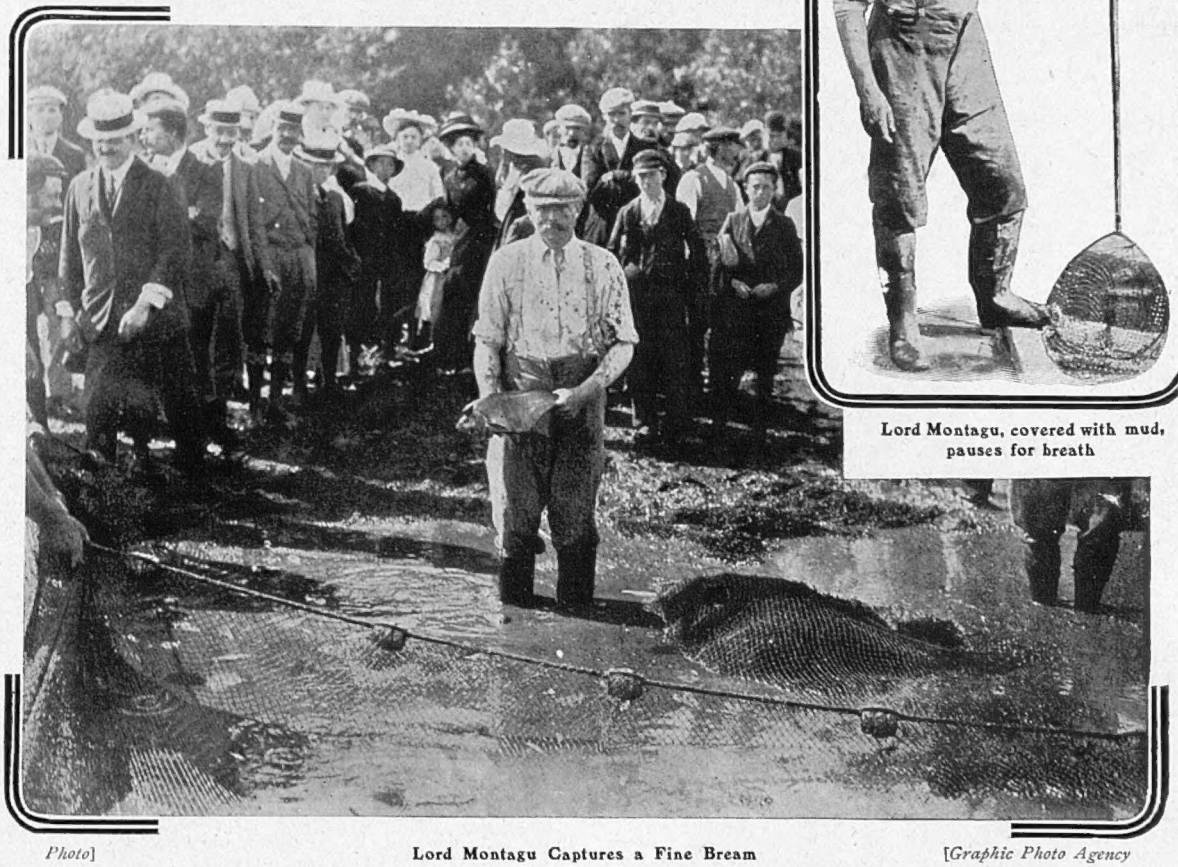
LORD MONTAGU EXPELS HUNDREDS OF THEM FROM SOWLEY POND

Mr. Braund Lord Montagu

Drawing in the Nets and Separating the Fish



Lord Montagu, covered with mud, pauses for breath



Photo] **Lord Montagu Captures a Fine Bream** [*Graphic Photo Agency*

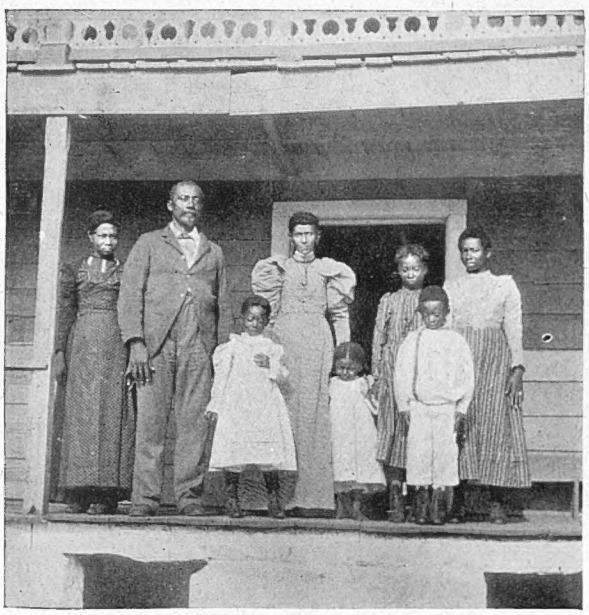
Versatile as ever, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's latest rôle has been that of fisherman on a mammoth scale. Hitherto, Sowley Pond (area 100 acres, and made by the Cistercian monks) has been full of such coarse fish as pike, perch, roach, tench, and bream, and it was wished to replace them with trout. Steps were taken to drain it and the fish were netted in shoals. Lord Montagu, Sir T. Troubridge, Mr. Braund who has leased the fishing, and other gentlemen, devoted several days last week to clearing out the pond, some of the best fish being transferred to a small reservoir for selling to any desirous of stocking their own ponds or lakes. Local tradition says that a golden, life-size image of the Virgin was deposited in the lake on the dissolution of the monasteries

Life in Liberia

THE NEGRO REPUBLIC IN WEST AFRICA

Reproduced from "Liberia" (Sir Harry Johnston) by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

A Street in Monrovia, the Capital of Liberia



Reproduced by courtesy of the Liberia Co.

The Lipton of Liberia: Sol Hill, the Coffee King, and family. Sol is probably the richest man in the country

Reproduced from "Liberia" (Sir Harry Johnston) by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

The "White House" of Liberia, the official residence of the President

Reproduced by courtesy of the Liberia Co.

A Street Crowd in Monrovia: Waiting for the President to be sworn in

Among Utopias in being, Liberia holds a distinguished place. It is the Zion of the repatriated negro, and the only civilised and self-governing negro State in Africa. Life in Liberia has all the amenities of a European country, ranging from the top-hat to the telephone, the library to the lamp-post. The towns are well and tastefully built, the inhabitants are courtly and cultured. In fact, there is not much to distinguish this community of about 50,000 civilised and mostly Christian negroes from one of the Southern States of America. Liberia is, in size, nearly as large as Great Britain. One of the humorous features of the place is that no white man can become a citizen or hold property! A nice little revenge for similar disabilities suffered by negroes in white countries!

Where Black Rules Black (AND WHITE)

have set apart this tiny portion of the African Continent. There, on the 43,000 square miles which constitute the Liberian Republic, the freed negro is to work out his own salvation, to prove his ability to found and carry on a civilised community. On his success or failure it is as yet too soon to pronounce judgment. Up to the present the repatriation of nigger races has been attended with no conspicuous amount of success. Conclusively it has gone to prove but one thing—that, as with the Israelites, the welfare of the negro races seems best served, and, indeed, only possible, while they live with and under the protection of a civilised and a Christian white race.

* * *

The Country

Liberia is that portion of the West African littoral which lies between Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast. Its coast-line, about three hundred miles long, runs almost parallel to the course taken by steamers plying between Europe and South Africa. Its capital, Monrovia, is but ten days' journey from Southampton, and it was exactly sixty years ago that Liberia, as a Sovereign State and "Land of the Free," was recognised as an independent negro Republic by England, France, and Germany. According to the most recent census, the governing class consists of about twelve thousand negroes of American origin, thirty thousand "civilised" Liberians of African origin, and an indigenous uncivilised negro population of something under two millions. Only in a narrow band along the coast is the land cleared of forest. The whole of the rest of Liberia is a dense forest, "nowhere else so thick and luxuriant and so unsubdued by man." Up in the inland regions it is a white man's grave indeed. I have known men return, after a year's prospecting, far more dead than alive.

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G.

The greatest living authority on African affairs—and, above all, of those of Liberia, the President of which (below) has just visited London

* * *

The Founding of Liberia

In 1821 short-sighted native chiefs made over to the American Colonisation Society, with the Rev. Ephraim Bacon and Captain Stockton at its head, a strip of African coastland, 130 miles long and forty broad, to be reserved for ever for the settlement of American freed slaves. Payment was made in kind: beads, rum, soap, tobacco, and boots forming part-payment. In the following year the man who practically made Liberia—Jehudi Ashmun, a white man, and a New England Puritan of a pronounced Methodist type—arrived, his brain absorbed with repatriation schemes, in Liberia. After much difficulty he subdued the, by now, incensed, annoyed, and bewildered chiefs. Some twenty years later, after his death, the Liberian Colony was declared to be an independent negro Republic. The British Government sent a man-of-war to Monrovia and saluted, as the symbol of a Sovereign State, the Liberian flag; and exactly sixty years ago next month the first President of the Republic, Joseph Roberts, was installed.

Photos *Elliott and Fry*

The Negro President of the Negro Republic

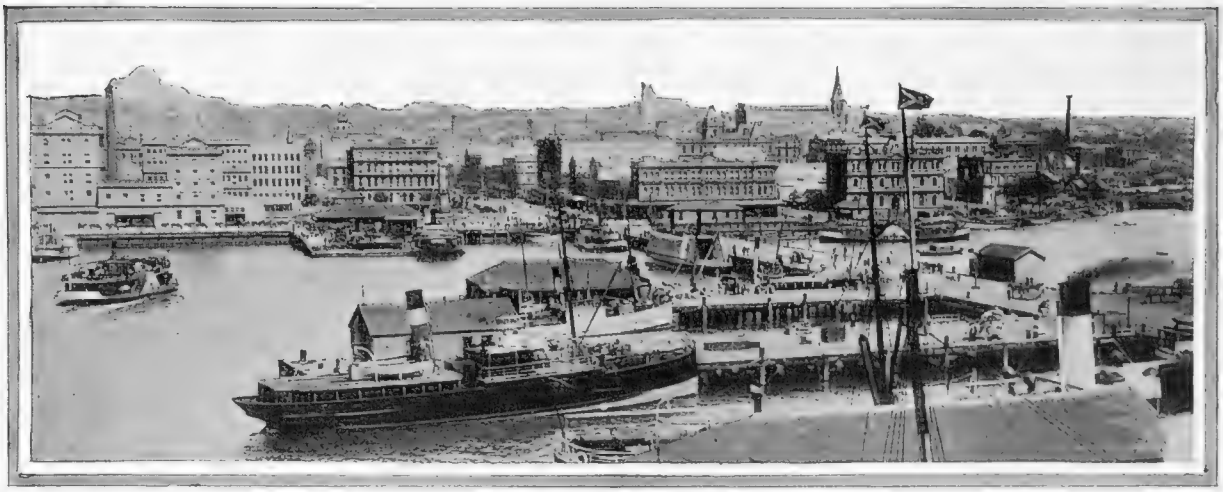
Mr. Arthur Barclay, President of Liberia, who, during his recent visit to this country, had an audience with the King

* * *

The Present President

The present President of the Liberian Republic, Mr. Arthur Barclay, has just been to England, and was received in audience by the King. Mr. Barclay's father, of unmixed negro origin, formerly of Dahomey, was a free negro of Barbadoes, who emigrated to Liberia, having, as a political insurgent, found things rather too warm for him in his native island. In 1880, the State bethought itself of granting concessions as a means of paying off the debt to America which was so constant a drag on its resources. Not till 1888, however, did it occur to them to tap the great source of any possible Liberian wealth—rubber. A London firm was granted a concession to export rubber, subject to a royalty to the Liberian Government. Four years ago, President Barclay's conference of native chiefs did much to assuage those internecine wars which still rage, and which it is the great problem of the Liberian Government to subdue. Much has been done. There is now, probably, no place along the coast-line of Liberia where a white or negro man may not quite safely fix his tent. Even up-country, in prospecting, perhaps, on virgin land, with a stout pistol at command, there is very little danger from the natives. Determination, the patience always to endure long palavers, a good supply of rum, some beads, and a cheerful smile are the foundations one lays for the sure conquest of the native chieftain's heart. If he doesn't take to you, you whistle long and loud for the quantum of rubber you levy from him. If he does, he'll offer you half a dozen black wives and a bag of mealies to cement the bargain.

Sister Capitals of Our New "Dominion"



Auckland (population 67 226), in the North Island, the largest town in the Dominion

A Colony on the Honours List

"Give him a title" has long been the approved political method of squaring an importunate friend, and it looks as though it operates even when the friend is a whole nation. New Zealand, if it got little else out of his Majesty's door-slammers at the Colonial Conference, has, at all events, succeeded in getting titular promotion for itself. Instead of a mere "Colony," it now shares with Canada the distinction of being a Dominion. "Colony" is, of course, a somewhat meagre title nowadays for a self-governing community, especially one with such advanced ideas and such really fine towns as New Zealand, but exactly what advantage is to be derived from being known as a Dominion it is not easy to see, considering what despisers of high-sounding titles are its democratic citizens. The dictionary tells us that a "dominion" means "lordship," "highest power and authority," "the country or persons governed"—all of them suggesting more an autocratically than a democratically governed country. But wait a minute! There is yet another definition. "Dominion" also means a "class of angelic spirits." Perhaps it is this description rather than the others which is coveted by the New Zealanders—and deservedly so, too! Now that New Zealand has been raised in the world, we must look for the inevitable squabble between her towns for the dignity ot being the capital of the Dominion. Heretofore, Wellington has rejoiced in the position, though Auckland is larger in population. Also running, are Christchurch and Dunedin. We shall await the result with avidity.

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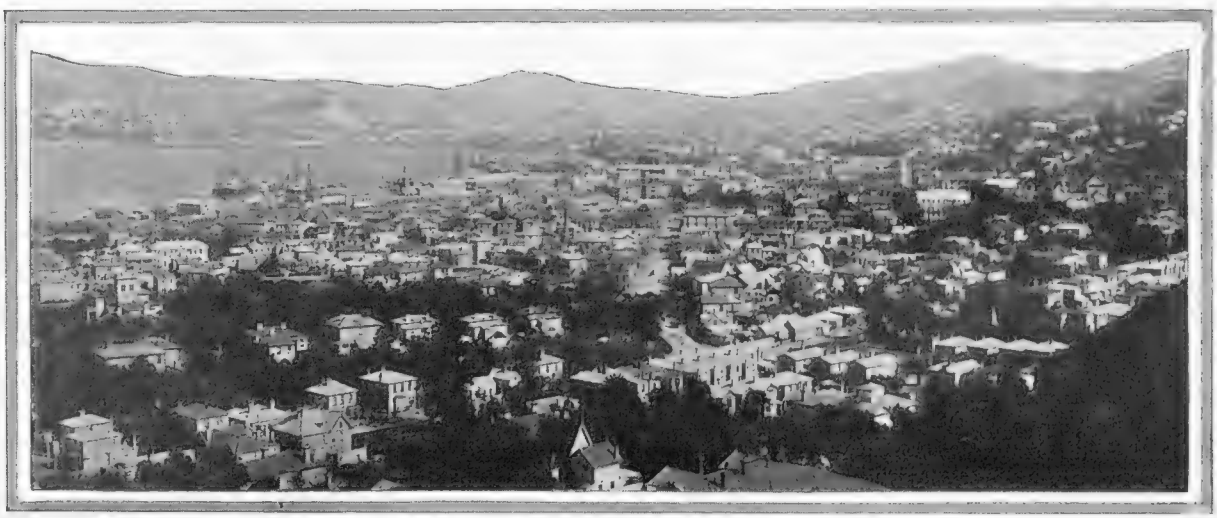
The "Chopin of the North"

Grieg was duly laid to rest at Bergen on the 10th inst. I am glad to note that Mr. H. J. Wood is to give, on October 16th and 23rd, the two concerts at which the late composer was himself to have been present as "In Memoriam Concerts." I see, by the way, that some papers have been calling Grieg the "Chopin of the North." But why drag in Chopin? Grieg owed nothing whatever to the brilliant Pole, from whom his music differs in all essentials. He was far more distinctively a Norwegian than Chopin was a Polish composer. Simplicity was his chief characteristic, where that of Chopin was brilliancy. To call Grieg the "Chopin"—or anything else but the Grieg—"of the North" is sheer imbecility.



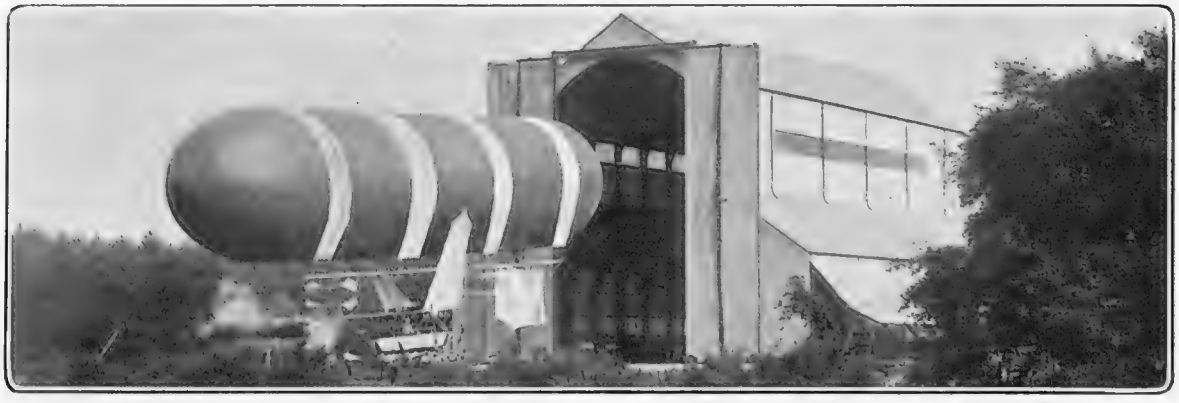
Wellington (population 49,344), official capital of New Zealand, in the North Island

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Agent-General for New Zealand)

The Champion—Ship of the Air?

SUCCESSFUL ASCENT OF THE "NULLI SECUNDUS" OVER ALDERSHOT

The First British Military Airship Starts on its Maiden Voyage



Photos] **"A Safe Return to Port": The airship re-entering its shed after its first trial** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The mysterious airship, the secret of which has been so jealously guarded by the military authorities, made its first trial trip last Tuesday. She performed a most successful three-miles' trip, under the auspices of Colonel Capper and Mr. Cody, though there was a slight breakdown owing to a broken motor-belt. The authorities are convinced that this "wairship," as this latest addition to the munitions of war may be termed, is far in advance of those patterns with which France and Germany are now experimenting

An M.P.'s Sunken Yacht

Vandals and the Matterhorn

The English Branch of the League for the Protection of Swiss Scenery and National Beauty is, I understand, very much on the warpath. With Sir Martin Conway, the distinguished president of the Alpine Club, at its head, it is, I am told, marshalling all its forces against a project under consideration by the Federal Parliament of Switzerland, which, if carried out, will grievously outrage the alpinist's tender sentiments. The project in question is that of building a railway up the steep and virgin sides of the Matterhorn. You will just have to take a return ticket where once you clasped your trusty alpenstock, bade a long farewell to all you loved, made your will, took sandwiches and Schnapps for a month, started much roped and hobnailed, and returned, generally unsuccessful, to bore for the rest of their natural lives your friends and family with the recital of your exploits. The native Swiss, says the E.B. of the L.P.S.S. and N.B., as well as the Alpine climber, is much opposed, on æsthetic grounds, to the scheme. But this, with all due respect to an institution with such a name as the E.B. of the L.P.S.S. and N.B., I must take *cum grano salis*. I know the merry, jodelling Swiss. He may be merry (though I have never found him so), and he may jodel, but object to anything in heaven above or the earth beneath which may lead to his material advancement—not he!

Photo *Parker and Knight*

Mr. R. P. Houston, M.P.

On board the yacht *Eros*, which was sunk by a collier in Southampton Water, with Lord Byron aboard. He is a ship-owner and M.P. for W. Toxteth

* * *

In Favour of the Vandals

Personally, I should not be at all sorry to see a railway built up the Matterhorn. One would then be able to scale with the best of them, and at a minimum of inconvenience, heights hitherto inaccessible. Comfort, however, is not the ideal of the true Alpine climber. He must be hot and weary, cross and struggling, or he is obsessed with the idea that he is not doing his duty. Inaccessibility is his watchword. Discomfort his normal condition. With a railway up the Matterhorn, that prized peak will be within the reach of every man's desire. That

Photo] **Mr. Houston's sunken yacht, "Eros," in Southampton Water** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The *Eros* was run into while at anchor off Hythe Pier, in Southampton Water, and sank within six minutes. Luckily there were no casualties. An attempt has been made to salve the wreck, and the work of the divers has been watched by interested crowds

Another Alp in Danger

OF BEING MADE ACCESSIBLE: THE PROPOSED MATTERHORN RAILWAY

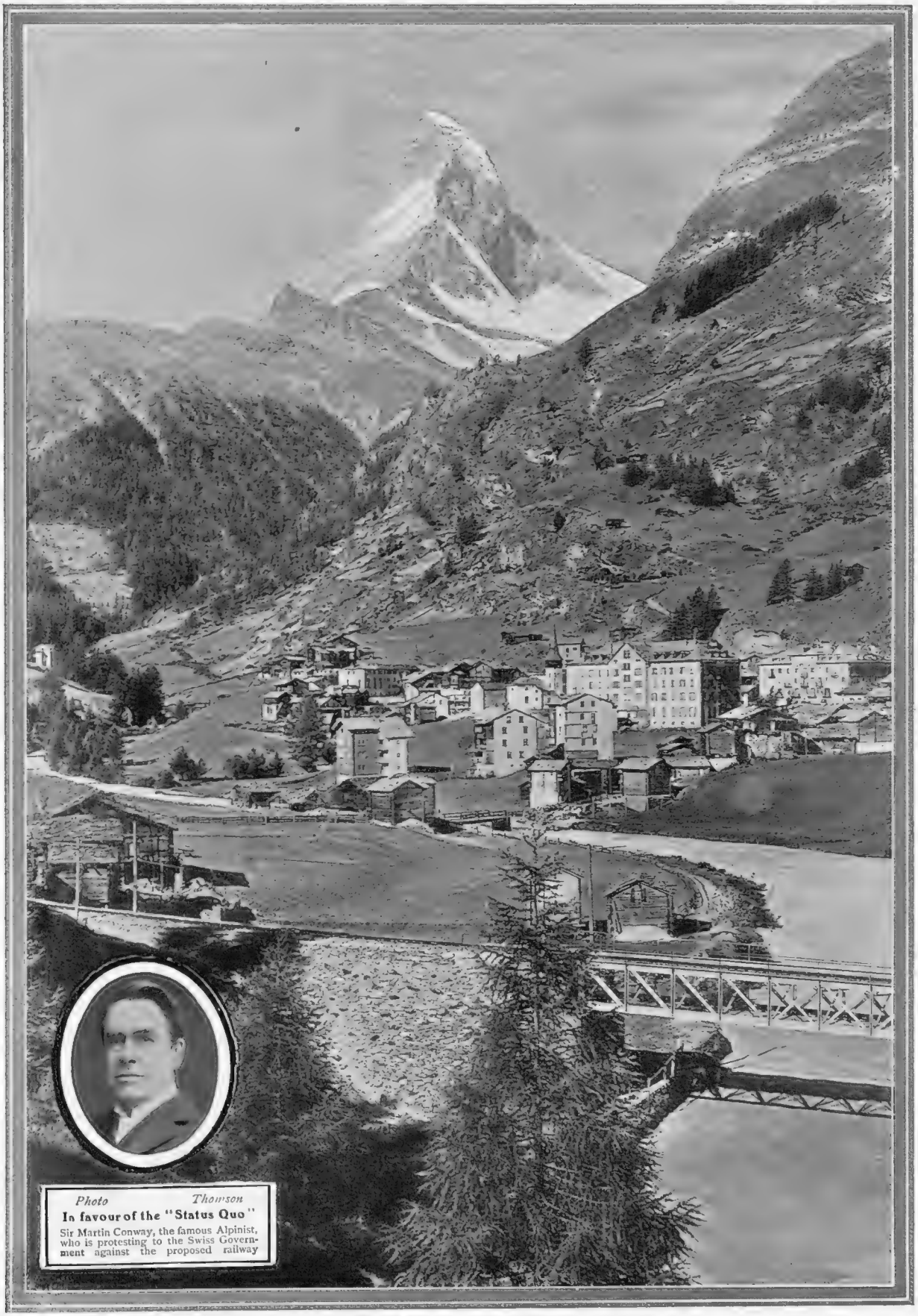


Photo Thomson

In favour of the "Status Quo"

Sir Martin Conway, the famous Alpinist, who is protesting to the Swiss Government against the proposed railway

The Matterhorn as It Is

Will the Matterhorn shortly be reduced from its proud isolation as a dangerous "inaccessible," and brought into equality with the Righi, Pilatus, and Jungfrau as a mountain with a funicular railway? Not if Sir Martin Conway and his associated Alpinists can persuade the Swiss Government otherwise. 14,705 ft. high, the Matterhorn is one of the most popular of the dangerous Alps. Was not its very first ascent (that of Lord Francis Douglas and party in 1865) attended by the loss of four lives?

The First Tourist-Chancellor

arch-bore, the Alpine climber, will have to go farther afield and leave to less sporting souls the homely joys of the Alps; to the Himalayas (I understand there is no truth in the report that the Gordon Hotels, Limited, intend to build an hotel "replete with every modern convenience" on the summit of Mount Everest); to the Andes or the distant Rockies; while for those who find even Greenland's icy mountains too much in the beaten track, there are always the as yet un-Cook-ed Mountains of the Moon.

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Lord Loreburn and the Great Seal

The Lord Chancellor, in going to Canada and leaving the Great Seal behind him, has established a precedent. Never before, I believe, has a Lord Chancellor left Britain during his term of office, for it is forbidden to take the Great Seal out of the country, and its custodian is tacitly understood always to hold it in his own safe keeping. Some time in the 'thirties, William IV. considered that Lord Chancellor Brougham had been guilty of high treason in taking the Great Seal with him to Scotland when he went in the autumn to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, at Rothiemurchus, in Inverness-shire. Country-house parties, it seems, counted then, even as now, the practical joke as a part of the general routine. During this memorable visit the ladies of the house-party amused themselves vastly by stealing the Great Seal and hiding it in a tea-caddy in the drawing-room. The Chancellor, frantic with anxiety, was made to discover it blindfold. He groped, hands outstretched, round and round the drawing-room, someone at the piano meanwhile playing loud or soft according as he (the Lord Chancellor) was "hot" or "cold," until finally, to his immense relief, he discovered it.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Bother the Great Seal!

Lord Loreburn, Lord Chancellor, who, in defiance of tradition, has gone away to Canada and left the Great Seal, for the safe keeping of which he is so horribly responsible, to the care of others

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT JUST ANNOUNCED

Photos

Mr. George Alistair Dick-Cunyngham

Only son of Mr. Alexander Dick-Cunyngham, of 15, Eccleston Square

Thomson

Miss Vera Sybil Pryce

Eldest daughter of Mr. Mostyn Pryce, of Gunley

The bridegroom belongs to a distinguished Scottish family, members of which were so honourably connected with the Boer War

Fashions and Their Leaders

Fashions and Their Leaders

A "passing through" day in Paris, and a recent reading of Miss Stoddart's "Life of the Empress Eugénie," impels me to write on a subject generally kept severely to "another place"—the Fashions. In Paris there is a kind of hush, a lull, yet I was told that behind the scenes the great dressmakers are knee-deep in the preparation of masterpieces which are destined to astonish the world during the forthcoming autumn season. The question often arises: who starts the fashions? Many years ago, the Empress Eugénie, secure in the three-fold possession of rank and youth and beauty, during her short reign as Empress of the French, made and led the fashions of France and England. To-day, a very different kind of person usurps her function, and one less than the dust in the social scale as compared with the

The Fashions Leaders of To-day

To-day there exists no such personality. There is no Queen in France, and the most courtly of people have no Court. In England, the Victorian element erred not at all on the side of fashion, and the entry of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark into England heralded the innovation of but one new fashion, and that of an economic rather than a decorative description—the tailor-made. With no bright spirit of high Society, therefore, to announce them, fashions are now introduced by and taken from that great under-world of Paris, which is the most modern as well as the most ancient of worlds. Who can deny it? Certainly no one who has ever had any acquaintance with the methods of the great dressmakers and of the Paris of to-day. Certainly no one who walks in the Bois, or goes to the theatre or

Photo] **To be Left Behind in England: The Great Seal** [*Thankfull Sturdee*

Which its custodian, the Lord Chancellor, is not taking with him to Canada, though the tradition of his office says he should never let it out of his possession. The first Great Seal was used by Edward the Confessor in 1048, but the oldest now in existence is that of Richard I. It will be remembered that in his flight from these realms, James II. dropped the Seal into the Thames

ex-Empress. In a word, it is now the Paris *demi-mondaine* who, with the help of the Paris *couturière*, introduces the fashions, disports them on her beautifully short, straight back, and is slavishly copied by her less daring, if more respectable, sisters.

* * *

During the Third Empire

In the days of the Third Empire, the beautiful, brilliant, part-Scotch, part-Spanish Empress of the French reigned over more than France. She reigned supreme over *La Mode*, that greatest of the elements. The very fact that she was not of Royal, scarcely of noble blood, seemed to enhance her power. She led, and yet was one of and with her followers, and her influence in the sartorial world was paramount and unquestioned. Whatever she wore became at once the fashion. Even at the bitter end, in the world of frocks she still triumphed. The trail of her soft, scented laces, the whispering of her silks and satins through the Tuileries, made their presence felt, it seemed, when, its *châtelaine* fled, the Parisian populace filed wonderingly, silently, and enviously through her private apartments.

the races and keeps his eyes open. In the Bois, there drives by the perfectly appointed, elegantly occupied automobile of the dear friend of Monsieur le Comte. In the Bois, also, there drives by the shabby one-horse vehicle of Mme. la Comtesse. At the races, at the theatres, in the restaurants, the most exquisite confections are worn, not by Mme. la Comtesse, but always by the aforesaid "dear friend." Hence the birth of fashion.

* * *

Denial or Ignorance

The reasons for its locale are obvious. In the first place, it is generally the unrecognised lady who has all the money. Then, the woman of the upper-world, the *grande dame*, even in France, has sometimes a few interests in life beyond and above frocks and diamonds. Not so her sister of the under-world. For her there is nothing else. So she develops the cult of clothes into a fine art. She is seen everywhere where money or impudence will effect an entrance. The great *couturières* are quite satisfied that she should exploit their models. No *grande dame* could do it half so well or pay half so generously.

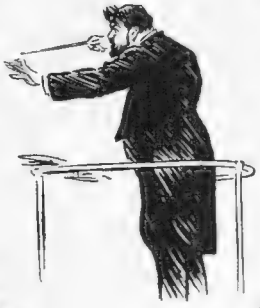
A Night at the "Proms"

ON THE FLOOR.

MR HENRY J. WOOD EXTRACTING THE BEST EMOTIONS FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

A PAIR OF PRIVATE DETECTIVES ON THE TRACK OF THE ORCHESTRA.

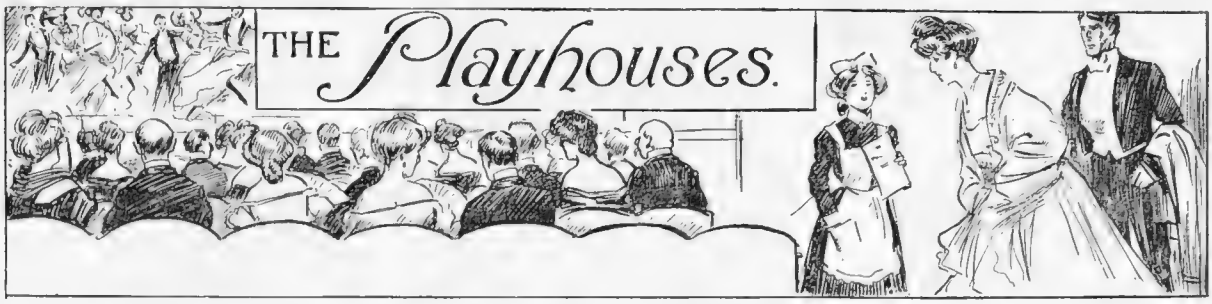
UN-NUMBERED SEATS



FIFTEEN MINUTES INTERVAL — A FEW SAMPLES OF MUSICAL COIFFURE —

CHARLES SYKES.

SKETCHED BY CHARLES R. SYKES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE REAL MANSFIELD?

The late Richard Mansfield is far more easily summed up as an actor than as a man. He had a succession of clever masks off the stage which he changed so continually that one seemed never able to pierce through to the likeness of the real man. He cultivated eccentricity as a fine art, and, as often happens to men who so cultivate it, he brought people to such a pitch of uncertainty regarding his motives, that when he performed a simple action it was often mistaken by the world for one of his greatest eccentricities. If the business side of the actor's profession is to get himself talked about, then Mansfield may be said to have had an eye to business, which would have made him successful in any walk of life. For no other actor in America occupied so large a share of public attention. America is a large country, and (as is so difficult for a Londoner to realise) the foremost actors in America spend but a few months at the most in the capital of Theatreland—New York. Yet, however far from the hub of affairs, Mansfield always made his personality felt. His return to New York was an event to be heralded; his season put the doings of other actor-managers in the shade.

In recent years, one of the greatest of his productions, and of his performances, was *Cyrano de Bergerac* He projected the poetry in the nature of this lovable man of Gascony across the footlights. Here was the rôle to inspire the imaginative nature of the actor, to call up his reserves of feeling, of humour, and of accomplishment. Perhaps the last word most nearly expresses Mansfield the actor. He was so accomplished. The deepest impression he made upon the observer was the impression of his brain-power. Thought was written large over all his actions. Even those ill-qualified to grasp his meaning went away with a notion of his extraordinary cleverness.

A Story of the Late Actor

The stories associated with Mansfield are legion. Here is one which throws a sidelight upon his character. It is a personal experience of Mansfield related to me by a young English actor who has made a name for himself on the London stage. This actor, much to his joy, was engaged, when a youth of

Photo] **London's Yiddish Theatre: "Rachel and Leah" at the Pavilion, Mile End Road** [*Bela*

A distinguished party, including the Countess de Grey and Prince Francis of Teck, recently visited the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End Road, to see Mme. Feinman, the "Yiddish Sarah Bernhardt." *Rachel and Leah*, which was given for the first time in London, is a Yiddish adaptation of *Hoodman Blind*, the drama in which the late Wilson Barrett scored such a success, and Mme. Feinman, who is a tremendous favourite in New York, played the double rôles of the sisters Rachel and Leah with the greatest artistic distinction

twenty, by Mansfield for his season at the Globe Theatre some ten or twelve years ago. One day, Mansfield, who was directing a rehearsal from the front of the house, was called away. Our facetious friend, "Momus," as we will call him, thereupon fell to amusing the company by a most realistic vocal imitation of a man sawing wood. Suddenly the laughter of the company died away, and Momus, with a ghastly feeling that something was wrong, turned round to find Mansfield among his audience.

"Pray proceed, Mr. Momus," said Mansfield. Momus smiled foolishly until he realised that the invitation to proceed was really meant. Mansfield leaned back in his stall with an air of one who has paid highly for an entertainment, and means to enjoy it to the full. He waved his hand for Momus to continue. The unhappy young man took up his lamentable task. It would be difficult to say which was the more wretched: the expression on his countenance or his revived imitation of a man sawing wood. When Momus was compelled to stop through sheer dryness of throat, Mansfield said, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Momus, for your most admirable entertainment. You have a great talent, but, if I may say so, it is a talent more suited to — shall we say the lighter branches of the dramatic art?—to the Halls, for instance! Please see Mr. (naming his acting manager), and arrange for an immediate transfer." Exit Momus. "Go on with the rehearsal, please, and let someone read Mr. Momus's part." Momus went on the sad errand which was to end his prospect of a nice long engagement in a first-class company playing a season in London. When it was concluded, he mooned round the streets for a while, and then, prompted by a desire to see the last of his comrades, he crept round the front of the house to an obscure corner of the dress circle, from where, sunk in dismal thoughts, he watched the rehearsal now being conducted by the stage manager. Suddenly a footfall broke upon the ear of Momus, and out of the darkness came no other than Mansfield! "Ah, Mr. Momus!" was his cheery greeting, as he took the next seat beside the member of his cast so recently dismissed. Mansfield entered into a long disquisition upon the play in progress, at the end of which he rose and said: "If you have nothing better to do, Mr. Momus, I shall be glad of your company at lunch!" Momus to this day is unable to tell whether the incident of his dismissal had passed right out of Mansfield's mind or whether the chief took this unusual means of expressing his regret for a hasty action. But Momus finished out the season in Mansfield's company.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Master Bobby Andrews

Who has made a great success as "Her Son" in the piece of that name at the New Theatre

NEW THEATRE

"Her Son"

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, the novelist, has enjoyed a valuable lesson in stagecraft. He produced a play containing many faults of construction at a series of matinées. The faults were pointed out to him by the critics (they do find fault sometimes) and by others, among whom we may presumably include the very experienced members of his cast. The playwright sits down to the typescript in a severe mood. Result: a play which, put into the evening bill, is found to be improved almost out of recognition. Mr. Vachell may now be numbered among the little band of earnest writers for the stage who should one day enjoy the full triumph of an "arrival." Already he has shown himself capable of conceiving a situation which contains all the elements of drama. Dorothy Fairfax has adopted a boy who has been abandoned. This boy is the son of Dick Gascoyne and Crystal Wride. The mother, not knowing the identity of her own son, actually finds in the resemblance between this son and his father grounds for suspecting the relations between Dick Gascoyne and Dorothy Fairfax. Here is a situation at once original and poignant. A dramatist in the charmed circle of the successful ones might have made better use of the material, but he might well have felt very pleased with himself for working out such a scenario. E. C. S.

ALHAMBRA

Some new turns of distinct merit have recently strengthened the Alhambra programme. Mr. Harry Allister is an extraordinarily versatile character impersonator. Among his best representations are those of H.M. the King, Napoleon, the French President, and the late Pope. Richard List goes through some thrilling feats with his performing bears. A French singer, M. Henri Helme, has a wonderful voice, and he sings an *Entente* song, the last verse in English, slightly broken to be sure, but which, nevertheless, brings him thunderous applause. One of the most interesting items in the whole programme is the Urbanora, which is now showing several films under the title of "Wild Birds at Home." How the pictures were ever obtained is a marvel to me. We are shown the wildest of birds at home in the most inaccessible places imaginable. We see them at play, at work building their nests and feeding their young, quarrelling, and, indeed, in every phase of their existence. Sea birds, in their rocky haunts, woodland birds, and meadow birds, all are brought before us in a way that we have never been able to see them even in real life. To see these films is, in itself, an inducement to visit the Alhambra. R. M.

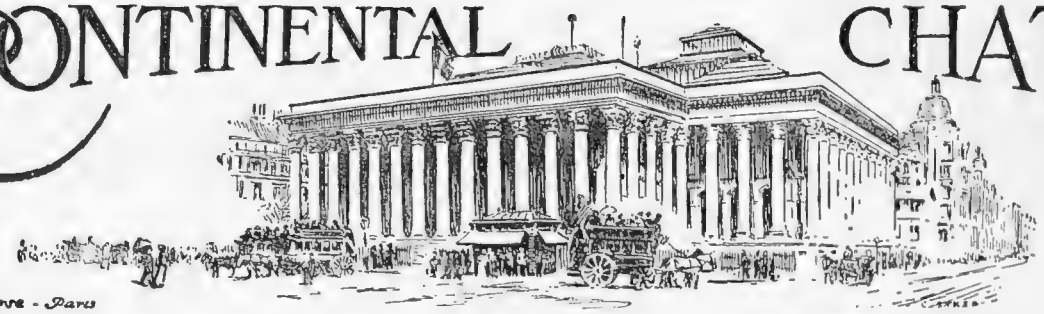
"The Hypocrites" at The Hicks

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Doris Keane (Rachel Neve) and Mr. Leslie Faber (The Rev. Edgar Linnell) in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Hypocrites," at the Hicks Theatre

RACHEL: "I'm not a bad girl! I've made one mistake, and now I can't get back"

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Fountain of Eternal Youth

Now I am about to drink of the Fountain of Eternal Youth, for so the inhabitants have christened the waters of this lovely little spot situated in the heart of the Tyrolean mountains. To Bad-Gastein come the lame, the old, and the halt, on crutches, on alpenstocks, and in bath-chairs, which generally become unnecessary after the traditional "twenty-one baths" have been taken. When we have time and energy to climb the hill behind the Bade-Schloss, we visit the world-famous Franz-Josef Spring, which is the chief sight of the place. The expedition is, perhaps, disappointing. A youthful cicerone carrying a lantern, and the descent into a deep cave, would suggest something far more terrible than a tiny stream forcing its way through the rocks; yet, as the steam rises slowly, the guide expects you to become enthusiastic, and wonders if the visitors do not imagine themselves among the witches in *Macbeth!*

The great advantage in coming to Bad-Gastein for a "cure" is the fact that one has not to be up and out with the larks in order to get a bath. The Franz-Josef Spring is connected with most of the big hotels, each proprietor having his share of the "eternal fountain" carefully measured out to him. Here, then, the cure requires no exertion, and provided only you have sufficient faith in this bubbling little spring, it soothes away all aches and pains.

* * *

Far From the Congo

The King of the Belgians has this year partaken of these waters of youth. His cure must have been a great success, for after fourteen baths he was able to leave for the near vicinity of his beloved Paris. In spite of the Congo policy, King Leopold has had quite a cordial welcome here—far more cordial than he would have received in any other country. He was present at the special church service to commemorate the Austrian Emperor's birthday, and as he walked from the church to his hotel along the streets, which were literally "strewn" with flags, he acknowledged the many salutations given him on all sides. The people here are not of the opinion that one must be a missionary in order to speak to the Belgian monarch.

Another of Gastein's visitors who has often played the rôle of King is Sonnenthal. How often has he not held an English audience enraptured, although

"The Fountain of Eternal Youth": Bad-Gastein, in the Austrian Tyrol

Situated amidst the exquisite scenery of the Tyrol, Bad-Gastein is now full of visitors undergoing the "cure" at the Franz-Josef Spring, which has been christened "The Fountain of Eternal Youth." The town has this year been visited by the King of the Belgians and many well-known English and Americans

Antwerp Ablaze

SCENES OF THE DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY THE STRIKERS' FIRES

Acres of Smouldering Ruins

English Labourers as "Strike-breakers"

A great number of unemployed have been shipped to Antwerp to assist in breaking the strike, much to the disgust of the Trade Union Congress, who sent a message of protest

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

A Street Strewn with Débris

During the Antwerp riots, fires, evidently the work of incendiaries, were started in the neighbourhood of the docks and the huge timber sheds. The conflagration lasted for over twenty-four hours, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the fire brigade, assisted by the military engineers, managed to save the neighbouring streets, and, indeed, the main portion of the city itself from being involved in the general ruin

he always acts in German—his native tongue? Many of us are hoping that, after his course of treatment, he will find himself young enough to play the part of Hamlet or Romeo!

Paderewski's rival, Rosenthal, is also staying here to gain strength for his winter's work. He is accompanied by his sister and three pianos, located—at least, the pianos are—at a secluded villa far up on the hill. It is not too far, however, for a number of pedestrians to reach him, and a few days ago a small crowd was standing on the roadside listening to his exquisite playing. One American remarked that "it was as good as he heard at Carnegie Hall for three dollars, and in a far more delightful environment." Naturally, Rosenthal was unaware of the fact that he had an audience.

* * *

English and American Visitors

Although the visitors here are principally Austrians and Germans, there have been many distinguished English and Americans this year. General Sir Reginald and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Lady Constance Butler, Lord and Lady Farquhar, and Mr. Dyer Edwardes, have been staying at the Kaiserhof. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rothschild have left for Salzburg, whence they will motor over the Dolomites into Switzerland. Mr. Rothschild is the proprietor of the well-known Majestic Hotel in New York, and is never tired of relating his early experiences. He tells with pride how he travelled to New York from Germany, a friendless and penniless boy, his energy, hands, and brain his only capital. To-day, his friends and pennies could scarcely be counted. Baroness Hélène von Leitenberger, of Vienna, Professors Landesberger and Philippvitch, Herr Otto Wiedmann, the well-known Viennese banker, and Prince Alexander Dolgorouki, of St. Petersburg, are often to be seen in the "Wandelbahn," listening to the band which plays on the "Platz" when the weather is not too bad. A good many dances have been given this year at the Casino—the general rendezvous of the Gastein visitors—but the dancing population now seems to have left.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Late M. Sully-Prudhomme

The well-known French poet, whose death occurred last week. He was the winner of the Nobel Prize for Poetry in 1901

Bad-Gastein shows every possibility of becoming even more popular than it is at present. Large parties of doctors have this year made excursions for the special purpose of examining the waters. Their favourable reports are certain to persuade hundreds to try this "fountain of eternal youth."

* * *

The Anglo-Russian Agreement

Although not generally known, the Anglo-Russian Agreement was settled more than a month ago, but not signed. Owing to the danger, however, of questions in the House of Commons, which might occasion a turn of public opinion in England unfavourable to the treaty, it was thought desirable to defer divulging its contents till Parliament rose, and all the politicians had separated for a couple of months. There is, unquestionably, a strong feeling among Radicals throughout Europe against bolstering up the present Muscovite autocracy whilst it is trying to stamp out Liberalism in Russia. The treaty will certainly revive the credit of the Tsar's Government, and this does not spell anything good for the Duma and Parliamentary franchise for the Tsar's subjects. For ourselves to get a free hand in Central Asia in return for granting Russia a free hand in what she considers her special sphere of influence—Persia—is a distinct gain.

The King, who knows his fellow-countrymen as few do, no doubt explained to M. Isvolsky at Marienbad the difficulties of government in a democracy with a Radical Government in office. He explained how desirable it is, from the point of view of England's friendship for Russia, that the Tsar should not alienate English sympathies by denying his subjects any kind of self-government. The contrast between King Edward, beloved by his countrymen and wielding the greatest influence of any monarch in Europe, and the Tsar, at war with all the capable elements of his people, must surely open the eyes of a man like M. Isvolsky.

* * *

Lessons from Antwerp

The frankly Socialistic attitude of most of the members of the Trade Union Congress at Bath, and the riots at Antwerp, have given plenty of food for thought to those who are alarmed at the rapidly growing power of Socialism both in this country and on the Continent. Trade Unionism is the natural resource against unjust oppression and for the safeguarding of the workers' interests, and strikes, under certain circumstances, cannot be wholly condemned. The danger is that the Unions should become the catspaws of the Socialists, who endeavour to further their own ends at the expense of industrial disturbances. At Antwerp the strikers themselves have been willing to come to a settlement, but such a course has been far from pleasing to the extremist—and Socialist—agitators, and compromise has been made doubly and trebly difficult owing to the outrages and wanton destruction of property. This attitude of force and terrorisation may be the cause of a temporary victory, but it can only disgust the honest worker and the educated man, and reforms that all acknowledge to be needful only made more and more hard of attainment. Freedom of word and action is excellent for a people, but far better have one's sphere of freedom somewhat limited by the rule of an autocratic Sovereign than a "liberty," so called, under a Socialist Government, in which each individual has to conform to one stereotyped idea of life.

SCENES FROM "THE CHRISTIAN" AT THE LYCEUM

THE STAGE AS A PULPIT

The Bad Play by which Mr. Hall Caine is Seeking to Make Us Good

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Alice Crawford (*Glory Quayle*)

Mr. Matheson Lang (*The Rev. John Storm*)

"The man who brought her there is here"

The reverend gentleman is denouncing Lord Robert Ure, the villain of the piece, who has brought shame upon Polly Love

HOUSE FULL!: THE "HOME OF RE

WHICH IS DRAWING THE LOUDEST OF PR

Photo

The most-talked-of scene in Mr. Hall Caine's much-talked-of play is laid in "The Home of Refuge." This is a building into which girls with a past are received, cared for, amused, and generally encouraged to forsake their way of life. The theory of such a in propounding it, Mr. Hall Caine has "gallery" sentiment, declaimed by ch

EFUGE" SCENE IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

PROTESTS AND THE LARGEST OF AUDIENCES

Dover Street Studios

Home of Refuge is admirable, but has indulged in such a farrago of false characters so hopelessly overdrawn and preposterous, that anything but a favourable impression has been created by it. However, the house is full nightly.

SCENES FROM "THE CHRISTIAN" AT THE LYCEUM

Goings-on in the "Home of Refuge"

Mr. Matheson Lang (*The Rev. John Storm*) **Miss Keith Lytton** (*Mrs. Callender*) **Miss Grace Lester** (*Black Meg*) **Miss Marjorie Day** (*Jennie*)

Black Meg induces Jennie to stay in the "Home of Refuge"

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

The Church Militant

The Rev. John Storm expels from the "Home of Refuge" the contemptible Rosenberg, who has come to demand that one of the unfortunate girls who has taken refuge in the Home be restored to him

Safe from "Christian" Critics

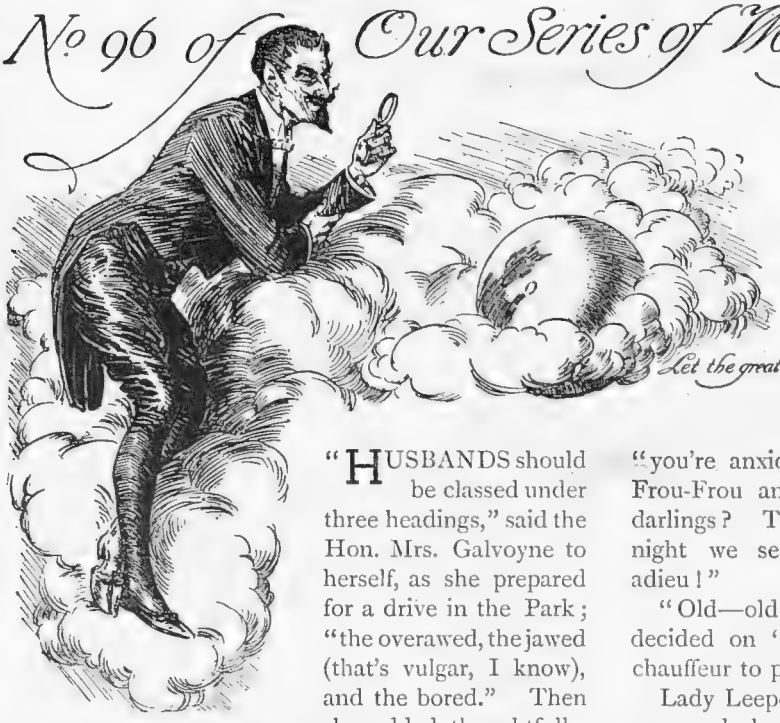
WHERE MR. HALL CAINE IS NOW IN RETREAT

Photo *Knowles*

Greeba Castle, the Manx Residence of Mr. Hall Caine

While a furious wordy battle is raging around the new version of *The Christian* at the Lyceum, the cause of the conflict, Mr. Hall Caine, is safely in ambush behind the battlements of his stronghold, Greeba Castle, whence he keeps up an intermittent fusillade of letters to the *Daily Mail*

No. 96 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



"Pink-Haired Perfidy"

By JANET CICELY KAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"HUSBANDS should be classed under three headings," said the Hon. Mrs. Galvoyne to herself, as she prepared for a drive in the Park; "the overawed, the jawed (that's vulgar, I know), and the bored." Then she added thoughtfully, "Gervase belongs to the last."

Johnny Leepers, at the Club, soliloquised apart: "Wives can be pigeon-holed — the adored, the abhorred, and the ignored." Aloud he said, "What the deuce is Galvoyne up to?"—and the Club, the members of which, like the members of all other clubs, prided themselves that *they* never talk scandal, instantly arose and informed him.

"'Pink-Haired Perfidy,' his wife, you know——" they began, but Johnny Leepers sat on them, metaphorically, of course.

Far, far away in another Continent the Hon. Gervase Galvoyne knocked the ash out of his pipe. "Marriage is a horrible fraud," he mused, and then kicked himself for having given expression to a cheap cynicism.

So the Hon. Mrs. Galvoyne, whose alliterative sobriquet was "Pink-Haired Perfidy," completed her toilette, which savoured of Paris, and entered her motor-brougham, which savoured of Long Acre, and set forth for her afternoon spin. The pale, pale mastic of the cushions made a wonderful setting to her amazing red hair; the black hat, tilted far backwards, gave the necessary depth, and the dangling turquoise earrings the complementary colour to the whole scheme. The gown, as gowns should, played up to the face, and her friends, as friends should, played up to Mrs. Galvoyne. "You look charming—quite charming, my dearest," bleated old Lady Leepers, who, with her toy spaniels, passed by as Molly entered her brougham. "Now don't do too much damage—it's expensive you know—ve-ry expensive," she added, wagging her long, smooth, white face in at the window, but never lifting the heavy-lidded eyes. Mrs. Galvoyne smiled blandly, and wondered why her visiting list still contained the name of Leepers (with the feminine prefix), but said nothing.

"I won't delay you," continued the elder lady, "you're anxious to be off I can see, and Tiny and Frou-Frou and I all want our scamper—don't we darlings? To-morrow night, it is; yes, to-morrow night we see you, dear Mrs. Galvoyne. Adieu, adieu!"

"Old—old 'cat'!" Molly was going to say, but decided on "sheep" instead, and signalled to the chauffeur to proceed.

Lady Leepers, whose husband, monosyllabic and moneyed, had gained his knighthood just because Royalty had passed through the provincial town of which he was then mayor, waddled off, and Tiny and Frou-Frou, with bulging eyes, looked plaintively and in vain for the promised "scamper." But their mistress was turning over in her brain the question as to whether her "dig" had been beyond the pale of her politics. It was not wise to indulge oneself too much at the expense of one who was truly "in the swim," even if the tide happened to run rather swiftly.

"Pink-Haired Perfidy," she muttered to herself, "an unpleasant name."

But Molly Galvoyne was a "good person to know," and even members of the First Family in England did not escape nicknames. Lady Leepers was wise enough to know that a nickname usually means popularity on the part of the nominee, or jealousy on the part of the nominator. So she decided to make up for her blunder by an extra dose of affability on the next possible occasion.

Down Park Lane, that thoroughfare of mansions and mews, spun the rubber-tyred chariot that contained Molly Galvoyne. Her lazy blue eyes looked apathetically at the waving green trees in the Park, and at the swirling clouds of June dust that at times enveloped the gaily dressed sauntering crowd. She was feeling just a trifle, the merest morsel, dull—why, she could not say. The world was all that could be desired, and she was having a thoroughly good time, as she understood the term. Nevertheless, she felt the canker of faint dissatisfaction creeping over her, and was just allowing her pretty mouth to settle into a discontented droop, when a spruce little figure, with monocle and flying ribbon, crossed her line of vision.

"Why, Johnny Leepers," cried she, as the brougham drew up at her summons, "when did you return to civilisation?"

Johnny Leepers, only son of Sir John and Lady

(*Continued on page 604*)

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Shopping on the Equator

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

A STREET SCENE AT SAN BLAS, QUITO, ECUADOR

(*Continued from page 602*)

Leepers—he who held his tongue, and also a vague post in a vaguer Embassy in the vaguest (and least civilised) of the South European States—grinned broadly.

"Last night," he said, gazing admiringly at his companion.

"Why, Johnny?"

"Slump in massacres," answered he laconically.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, and I'm just going to get out of this stuffy old thing and have a walk with you right away."

Out stepped Molly—grey Suède shoes, with silver Queen Anne buckles of Bond Street cut, may leave sad impressions on susceptible hearts, however light their tread—Johnny looked fixedly at Achilles—Molly looked fixedly at Johnny and laughed. Then they were sucked in by the moving crowd.

. . . . . .

In a drawing-room where all the hard things were white, and all the soft things were pale blue, and all the little things silver, sat Molly Galvoyne. Outside, the sun burned and glared on striped green sun-blinds, on pink geraniums and marguerites, on green palings and on dazzling white paint; but inside all was cool, and subdued, and quiet. Molly was going to be quiet, too, this afternoon, for she had been doing much of late, and to-night she was going to three parties—two at houses where she must be seen, and one where she need not, but to which she, nevertheless, intended to go; this latter the Maison Leepers. So, in order to rest, she donned a loose gown and asked Johnny Leepers to tea. Johnny had been once, Johnny had been twice, then Johnny had forgotten to count the times he came; but Mrs. Grundy is a fair arithmetician, even if she favours multiplication occasionally, and she counted—and when she issued the sum-total to the World, the World merely shrugged its shoulders and said, "Why, it's only Pink-Haired Perfidy, what d'ye expect?" and Mrs. Grundy was nonplussed. Is it possible that the World is becoming too cynical for Madame G? If so, then good-bye to an old and valued fien—friend.

When Molly's miniature silver clock struck half-past four, and it was not usually more than half-an-hour out one way or other, Molly rang for tea. But she drank it alone.

"He shall go without any," she said viciously, "for being late." When the same clock tinkled out five, she rang for the tea to be cleared away. Later she dressed in a temper, and Susette put her tongue out behind her mistress's back. At the first party at which she was due, Molly put her white tip-tilted nose in at the door, shook hands with her hostess, sniffed round, and flew off to the next party, did the same there, and flew off to the Leepers'.

"Well," she said to the scion of the house when at last she found him. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Work—sorry."

"Work!" This with double-distilled contempt. "Am I to believe it? Here have I deprived myself of two heavenly parties to come to this squash (lemon-squash I should think, too, to judge from the acidity there is about), to hear you tell a fib. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, I thought you the soul of honour! Lying is my prerogative—my own special haul—not yours."

"Don't say that," he said, sharply.

She laughed mirthlessly. "Well, look what they call me. I must justify the name. Disraeli was the great exponent of finding your style and living up to it, wasn't he? Well, that's what I am doing—only other people found my style for me, that's the only difference. I'm just false, false, false. And I like it awfully. It's so easy, don't you know, only rather tiresome when you find yourself wanting to do and say things that are really true, and, were they to become facts, would really be the sincere outcome of a genuine impulse." Once again she laughed metallically.

"Why do you say these things of yourself?" he demanded. "You are not really like that."

"Oh, yes I am—now," she added. "I don't say I was always. But because my eyebrows are raised rather too far above my eyes, and because I have fluffy hair of a wicked colour, and because I laugh a good deal, and talk a lot more, and because—oh, heaps of things."

"Gervase is one, I suppose?"

"Gervase? Oh, well, of course, I frightened him away. I got on his nerves. Besides, he does really love all those old mooses and things, and he really enjoys writing reams and reams of awful stodgy stuff about life in the Himalayas. He has been away ages now. Before he went, he said that I was like a human bioscope. Sounds rather jerky, doesn't it? Anyhow, I bored him. Poor Gervase." She smiled whimsically.

"When will he be back?" he interrogated. "I always liked Gervase."

"Back? Why I believe he is a permanency out there. Seeing life—in the Himalayas," she added, sarcastically. "Let's dance, shall we?"

. . . . . .

Some November days in London can be perfect in their way. Roads and paths are dry and crisp, the air sharp and exhilarating, and the naked branches of trees form a delicate tracery against the hazy sky. Also, not infrequently, it is possible to look straight at the sun at any hour of the day without being blinded, for he is just a wonderful burning disc, like a flame-pink Japanese hand-screen without a handle. His pale rays hardly reached the blue carpet in Molly's drawing-room, where, only a few months before, blinds kept his too warm embraces from the delicate pile. Flaming tawny chrysanthemums and a flickering fire lent warmth to a colour-scheme which, on such a chilly day, might have appeared too cold, and Molly's burnished hair shone more in the glow of the flame than in the sun's pale light. Molly wore a velvet gown the same tone of verdigris green that is found in the tarpaulin of a Covent Garden market cart when there is hoarfrost on it, and Molly sat at her desk, an amused expression on her face and a pen in her hand. She drew faces on the blotting-pad.

On the rug, his feet wide stretched and his hands behind his back, stood Johnny Leepers. A dead cigarette hung from his lips dejectedly. He looked rather sulky.

A long silence was broken by Molly's laugh.

"Young, you say, and pretty, and helpless? Oh, Johnny, Johnny, they always are! So that's what all this wonderful 'work' meant. You *had* to write to give her work—what, *what* will Mammy say?" Molly sat back and laughed again, reflectively. Then she clasped her hands on the back of her chair and looked at her companion quizzically.

"Now, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," he said, sullenly. "I thought you'd be sympathetic and help me. I tell you she's a lady—it's all deuced hard luck that she has to work for her living. She's a jolly plucky little girl."

"Of course, Johnny, of course. What did you say it was? Typewriting or tightroping?"

"Oh! if that's all you're going to say——" and he turned huffily on his heel.

(*Continued on page 606*)

Last Week's Secret Wedding

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Kitty Mason, now appearing at the Gaiety, whose marriage with Mr. Algernon Aspinall has just been announced

Secret theatrical weddings are now becoming so frequent that the announcement last week that Miss Kitty Mason, of the Gaiety Theatre, has quietly, and unknown to any of her friends, married Mr. Algernon Aspinall did not create much stir, though totally unexpected. Mr. Aspinall is a barrister, who for some time past has acted as Secretary to the West India Committee

(*Continued from page 604*)

"No, I didn't mean it. Don't go, dear boy, you haven't even told me her name yet."

Johnny remained silent. "Come now," she urged, wheedlingly, "you must tell me."

"Janotha—Janotha Wainfleet," he muttered, but his face was clearing, and, evidently, he preferred to confide rather than sulk.

"Molly," he said, "I'm my own master, and no one can interfere with my comings and goings—you said just now, 'What will Mammy say?'—and that's just what worries me. I don't care a hang what the good old soul says to me—she can fire away to her heart's content—but I dread her meeting Janotha. Lord! the things she can say when she likes!"

Molly rose. "Johnny," she said, "you must bide a wee. Let me think it over. Diplomacy? Why, you haven't a scrap in you. You're a bad, naughty boy to get into this scrape, and I'm not sure that I want to help you—but I'll write to you—I want to be alone. Now go. No, not to-morrow. Good-bye."

When the door closed, Molly leant her elbows on the mantelpiece and gazed straight into her own blue eyes.

"Oh Pink-Haired Perfidy," she said. "What a silly little idiot you are."

. . . .

In the afternoon of the same day, a noiseless, electric brougham wended its gliding way among the traffic of a dismal road not far from Oxford Street. James had been told to look out for a typewriting office—name Wainfleet—and the vehicle had traversed the thoroughfare thrice before a dingy little blackboard with once white letters indicated that that was the place. Molly Galvoyne flounced out and into the open passage. A badly drawn hand on the khaki-coloured walls pointed upstairs to the typewriting offices of Miss Wainfleet. Molly's silks and furs swept the dust off stairs and walls. She dashed on, but of why she had come, and what she was going to say, she had no real notion. Also of her own feelings she was not by any means sure. How easily she could pay Johnny out! After all, she would only be justifying her nickname. Why not? He had no right to dance attendance on her all the season, and during the summer, too. His devotion was a standing joke. Now the joke, it would appear, was against her. It was nonsense, the silly boy—throwing away his chances in this fashion. A small boy with a red, round, button-nose answered her summons. Miss Wainfleet had been obliged to go out—would the lady wait? Certainly, she would wait. Molly went into the office, which was rather sparsely furnished, in a simple, pretty way. A large fumed-oak desk and a typewriter filled the window-space. Stacks of paper, manuscripts, and reams of typewritten matter lay in orderly heaps about. He of the button-nose shuffled into an inner room, whence came sounds respectively of cracking nuts and a cold in the head. The dull roar of the traffic was the only other sound. Sitting there, the stillness became oppressive, and Molly fidgeted. Then she got up and went over to the desk. The first thing that caught her eye was her husband's writing. This was unlooked for, and offered excitement, so, without hesitation, she picked up the letter and read it right through. It was purely a business note giving directions concerning the typing of his MS., which, when done, was to be forwarded to a new firm of publishers—this being a novel, and, consequently, not the type of work undertaken by the firm that had hitherto published his works on travel. The dedication was to be to his wife—Molly dropped the paper; then she glanced hastily round. There was his MS.—here the typewritten copy, apparently just completed. She clutched the latter and sank into the chair, turning the neatly typed pages over rapidly. She read on and on, absorbed in a tale that was well conceived, well constructed, not without pathos, and not without humour. It was illuminating to find that Gervase could write fiction; and the fact that this particular fiction was certainly most readable, held Molly's eyes glued to the flimsy sheets. Soon, however, her attention was held by another cause—the word-sketching of a wonderful being, whose outward appearance coincided exactly with her own, and in whose mannerisms, tricks of speech, preferences, and a hundred and one ways she recognised herself. But, alas! there the resemblance ended. The Molly of Gervase's creation was quite beyond the real Molly's comprehension. She never fibbed, never flirted, never did mean little things which don't count in the daytime, but which worry us rather at night. She was quite an unselfish creature, the essence of truth and honour—humorous, light-hearted, and wholly adorable. With tightly compressed lips, Pink-Haired Perfidy ready stoutly on. Then she blinked, then she snuffled, then her pretty mouth squared at the corners, and a six-inch square of cambric hid the distorted features from the light of day. The "Might-have-been-Molly" had made the living Molly weep.

Janotha Wainfleet was not accustomed to see fashionably dressed ladies flopping over her desk and spoiling her work with their tears; but she had been brought up well, and her self-control now stood her in good stead. She put her hand on the stranger's shoulder. "I am very sorry," she said simply. "Can I help you in any way?"

Molly sat up instantly, and dabbed her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me you were there?" she gasped reproachfully. Feminine distress, when it is genuine, is always illogical.

"Well," began Janotha, successfully quelling a smile. "I've only just come in." She tactfully closed the inner door on button-nose's prying eyes. "And when you feel steadier you can tell me what I can do for you, and in the meantime I'll just get you a cup of tea—that is if you will let me?" Janotha paused wistfully. Molly sniffed and nodded.

Only the cheerful sound of the rattle of cups and saucers, followed by that of a singing kettle, filled up the next few moments. Janotha moved swiftly and noiselessly about. She was tall and slim, with a quantity of fair hair, and she carried her mourning singularly well. "You can always tell a lady by the way she wears crape," some one had once said to Molly. The words flashed through Molly's mind now as she glanced tentatively at the girl.

"I expect I look hideous," said Molly, inconsequently, and in a voice that she hardly recognised as her own, it was so high and piping and small.

"Never mind," answered the girl, cheerfully, as she filled the teapot. "I won't look at you. Sugar? No? There."

Molly took the cup of tea proffered. "I think that you are very kind," she said, and meant it. What innumerable times she had used the same phrase and *not* meant it.

"Oh! no, I'm not. I wanted my tea dreadfully badly—much more than I wanted to talk business, so you see I'm quite selfish."

"I didn't come to talk business," said Molly.

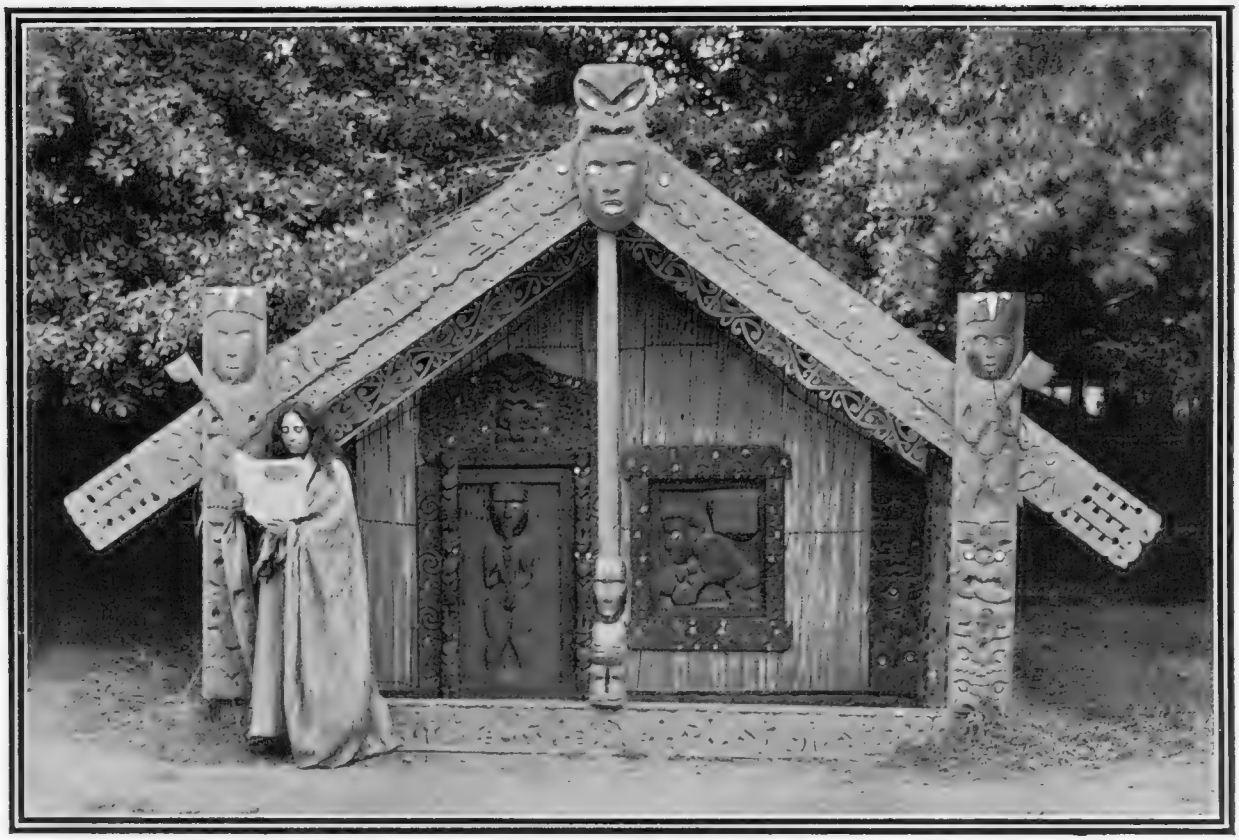
"No?"

"I want you to come to see me. I am a friend—of Mr. Leepers."

(*Continued on page 608*)

Ourselves in the New Dominion

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION AMONG THE NATIVE MAORIS



"The Old Order Changeth": Links with the New Zealand of a past age

The woman reading THE BYSTANDER, though a Maori, in native dress, is far from being a "savage." Thanks to the colleges established in different parts of the country, the natives are well educated, one of their number holding a portfolio in the present Government, and another, a qualified medical man, being Health Inspector to his race. The beautifully carved house outside which this woman is standing is called Te Wharepuni O Mani (the house of Mani, the man whom the Maoris believed fished up New Zealand). The front is elaborately carved, the sliding door-panel representing Tutaneki with his flute, the door-panel showing Hinemoa setting out to swim to her lover Tutaneki at the Island of Mokoia; she has placed her mat (*i.e.* her clothes) on the stone named Whakairikapu by the water's edge. Sent by CECIL DE LISSA, Box 54, Christchurch, New Zealand

Ready for the Maori "Poi-poi" Dance

A group of Maori schoolgirls having THE BYSTANDER read to them by one of their number before beginning one of their pretty native dances, known as the "poi-poi" dance. Most of them are holding "pois" in their hands. Sent by CECIL DE LISSA, Box 54, Christchurch, New Zealand

(*Continued from page 606*)

A rosy flush suffused the younger woman's face, but she smiled. "Oh!" was all she said.

"Will you?"

"I should love to."

"To-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"I lunch at two. If you will come then, it will be nice, and I shall be alone. I won't ask Mr. Leepers, because I want to talk to you all by myself." Janotha smiled with pleasure. Molly put her plump white hand on the top of the copy of her husband's work.

"I've spoilt that," she said. "The top page only —will it take you long to do it again?"

"No."

"I'm glad," she said, as she rose. "I am Mrs. Galvoyne—that's my address, and I've read my husband's letter to you and a whole lot of his new book, too. Now I daresay you'll hate me. Oh, yes, of course, it was a horrid thing to do—but I do horrid things sometimes. Don't shake your head—I do, and I wasn't crying because—oh! well, I can't tell you why I was crying—not now, anyhow—perhaps some day—but you'll come to-morrow, won't you? I think our Johnny is a lucky boy," she added impulsively, and quickly and lightly kissed the girl on her cheek. Then she went.

. . . . .

Under Molly Galvoyne's able guidance, the bleatings of Lady Leepers when she met her future daughter-in-law were of the mildest character. She had to be civil to the girl who was guest for an indefinite period at the white house with the pink geraniums. Molly insisted on the wedding being in the spring from her own place, and Johnny clasped both her hands. "I always said you were a brick," he said, "and I leave her in good hands while I am away."

His vague duties called for the last time, for luck had brought him a Home appointment of a more definite description. So, in due course, bells were rung, rice was thrown, Mendelssohn played, and at the moment that Mr. and Mrs. John Leepers entered their names in the Hotel Register at Folkestone, Molly Galvoyne, all her guests gone, stood folded in her husband's arms.

"Gervase," she said, "if you think I am just the tiniest morsel like her I shall be happy, and I'll try to be better." She held her husband's newly published book in her hands.

"Dearest—you are far, far more lovable than that lifeless puppet of mine; but, arrant imbecile that I was, I had to 'dwell apart' to see it."

Molly laughed softly and happily. Twisting her rings she said tentatively, "I wonder if next time you go shooting old mooses you will take me too?"

And both decided that the kiss that followed was the very best that they had had in their lives.

JANET CICELY KAY.

WHY OUR COAL WILL COST US MORE

Photo *Topical Agency*

Trucks Containing 3 000 Tons of Coal Awaiting Shipm nt Abroad at the Grimsby Docks

Owing to the removal of the export duty on coal, enormous quantities are now leaving the country, and, as a consequence, English householders are paying "through the nose" for the crumbs that are left to them

The Island's Only Landing-place: Welcoming the infrequent visitor

Few vessels are actually sighted from this isolated spot, and there is communication with fewer still, so that the advent of a visitor is an event indeed! The men are fearless sailors, and will proceed to sea in almost any weather

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, THE EMPIRE'S MOST ISOLATED OUTPOST

A community which exactly fits Herbert Spencer's definition of a simple Society—"forming a single working whole unsubjected to any other, and of which the parts co-operate with or without a regulating centre"—such is Tristan da Cunha, Britain's little island possession, situated 1,500 miles south-west of the Cape of Good Hope. Even the official Blue Book presupposes a lack of knowledge on the part of its readers as to the whereabouts and conditions of life on the island, and for once in a way that solemn publication allows itself to relax into humour.

Tristan da Cunha (it says) is generally supposed to be inhabited by a dusky British race, who live on fish, the spoils of the wrecks which strew its iron-bound coasts, and the publications of the Religious Tract Society!

Up to a year or two back, it has always been the custom for a man-of-war to visit the island once annually with mails and supplies, but this has now been discontinued, though it is only fair to state that the Government offered to give the inhabitants a free grant of land if they chose to leave their isolated island home. The people, however, of this right little, tight little island, who, by the way, eschew tobacco and "intoxicating liquors" in any shape or form, preferred to stay, and they now have to depend for news of the outside world on the chance visits of passing ships. One of the latest visits to the island was made by Mr. Casper Keytel at the instance of the Colonial Office, as it was feared that the inhabitants might be short of food, and I cannot do better than give some impressions of his visit to this most interesting spot.

The Approach to the Island

"On the morning of February 7, 1907, the *Greyhound* was towed out of Table Bay, and, after an uneventful voyage of exactly three weeks' duration, dropped sail a few miles off the lonely British

A "Desirable Villa Residence" on Tristan da Cunha

Despite the primitive conditions under which the inhabitants of the Island have to live, the houses are remarkably convenient and comfortable, and the people are extremely healthy, the last death occurring in 1904. The children, though shy, are intelligent, while the dialect of the Island is that of the West Country, with an admixture of American

possession in the South Atlantic. Our approach had been observed, and soon two boats from the island were alongside. The excitement of the occupants was most marked, and their wild delight on hearing that we carried a mail from the Cape cannot adequately be described. The food supplies were most acceptable, but the letters from their kith and kin across the sea were the greatest gifts of the day.

"There are at the present time seventeen men, twenty-six women, and thirty-eight children on the island, making a total of eighty-one souls, and they are a very happy community. The motto of each is, 'Consider my neighbour and my neighbour will consider me,' and the practical way in which they act up to it enables them to live together in peace and concord.

"Immediately behind the landing-place rises a cliff to the height of about 25 ft., leading to a plateau measuring six miles by a quarter of a mile, on which the settlement stands. There are fifteen houses, built of stone and thatched with tussock grass, on the site, of which three are not quite completed for habitation. Although primitive in design, they are not unpleasing to the eye, and are certainly comfortable.

On the Summit of the Peak of Tristan da Cunha

The mountain rises to a height of 7,640 feet, and is an extinct volcano, the principal crater being over a mile in circumference

A Veritable Utopia!

"Every householder has an acre of land under cultivation about three miles from the settlement proper, on which potatoes only are grown, and each patch is walled in with stones. The planting is done in September and October, and the harvest gathered in February and March. On the island there are about eight hundred sheep, eighty tame and forty wild cattle, twenty pigs, about fifty geese, and over one hundred fowls. Fish in abundance is obtainable, so the possibility of the little community being starved out, as the British Government apparently fears, is somewhat remote. Rats are to be found everywhere, and with their extermination, which by reason of the nature of the land is an almost impossible task, the growing of wheat would be possible, thereby adding to the material comforts of the settlers.

"Where Health and Plenty"

"The settlers are a very healthy lot, and intermarriage has not yet resulted in physical deterioration. They have few ailments to contend with, and for these their simple home remedies suffice. The last death occurred in 1904, the cause being consumption.

"The mode of living is simplicity itself. The natives rise at six in the morning, and retire to rest about eight in the evening. One day is just like another, yet each finds enough to do, and time does not hang heavily. The women-folk attend to the household duties, and assist in hauling in the boats, and the men occupy themselves looking after the cattle and sheep, working on the potato patches, collecting firewood, and fishing. They put off to passing ships, and exchange sheep, poultry, eggs, fish, and milk for such articles as tea, coffee, sugar, and articles of clothing. Each household contributes something to barter with, and each receives a share of the goods obtained. The men are fearless sailors, and put out to sea in almost any weather, provided a heavy swell is not running in to the landing cove. Seventeen vessels were personally communicated with during 1906, comprising one yacht, nine barques, three steamers, two ships, and two whalers; and, in addition, seventeen barques, one steamer, and twenty ships were sighted.

Amusements in Tristan

"When the islanders give themselves over to amusement, dancing is the chief attraction. The Tristan band is made up of one violin and two accordeons, and, although their repertoire consists of selections of mature age, they are not to be despised on that account, and the musicians keep perfect time. I attended a few 'hops,' and was struck with the uniformly good dancing.

And Its Spiritual Condition

"Early in 1906 the Reverend Mr. Barrow became a resident of the island. He is a Church of England clergyman of independent means, and the spirit of self-denial which prompted him to leave the Old Country to minister to the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of the Lonely Rock cannot be too highly praised. A fairly commodious building has been consecrated as a church, and the services held twice weekly are bright and very well attended. The schooling of the children is overlooked by Mr. Barrow and his wife. Mr. Barrow's connection with the island has a trace of romance attaching to it. His mother, when a girl, was wrecked off Inaccessible Island near by, and as a thank-offering for the saving from the sea of the good woman who brought him into the world he dedicates a portion of his life to the service of the islanders (and their descendants) who effected the rescue."

A Right Little, Tight Little Island

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, THE LONELY SENTINEL OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

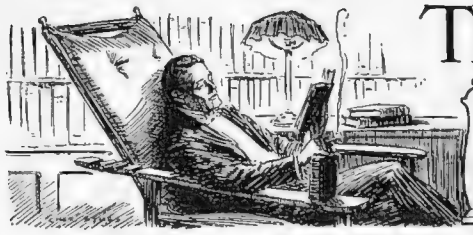
A view of Edinburgh, the only settlement on the Island

Tristan da Cunha was visited by the late Duke of Edinburgh in 1867, and the settlement was named after him. The township is situated on a plateau, under the shadow of the mountain and just above the bay, the number of dwellings being fifteen

One of the island's many beautiful waterfalls

The total population of Tristan da Cunha, numbering eighty-one

The Island, lying 1,500 miles to the south-west of the Cape, was discovered by the Portuguese in 1506. During Napoleon's imprisonment on St. Helena there was a garrison on the Island, but on its withdrawal in 1821 a corporal and two companions, with a few whalers, founded the present settlement. Property and cattle is held practically in common, while vice and crime are unknown, in which connection it is noteworthy that there is no smoking or "drinking." The annual visit of the British warship has been discontinued, and the islanders now have to depend on the chance visits of passing vessels for their news of the outside world



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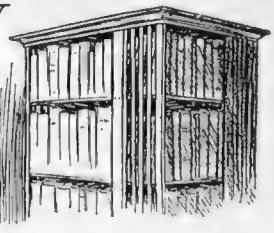

Books to Order This Week

"Sheep and the Goats." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Painted Shadow." By Richard le Gallienne. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Tales of Two People." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

A Gifted Author

That Mrs. Mary E. Mann is a great novelist is hardly to be said. She has, however, so many gifts in combination that she makes it very difficult for one to place her as anything else. She can construct a fascinating story out of the tiniest of plots, confining herself largely to the society of the provincial town. She is satirical, yet kindly. Her heroes and heroines are human, and are lovable or detestable without being either heavily virtuous or heavily vicious. She is entirely without mannerisms or stylist affectation. In fact, she is altogether a charming artist.

A Study in Snobbism

Her *Sheep and the Goats* (Methuen: 6*s.*) is excellently readable. Its outstanding character is the Rector of Wynborough, the son of an illiterate tradesman, educated as a "gentleman," and made incumbent of a parish teeming with the ultra-snobbism induced by its possession of a public school. The parson has ambitions to level the classes, and he arranges various functions whereby the gentry and the shopkeepers can meet on equal terms. The result is, of course, that he gets himself disliked not only by the gentry, because of their objection at being led by the nose into the society of their inferiors, but also by those whom he has sought to benefit, because—

> There is no such stickler for class in the actual relations of Society as the poor man, who theoretically wishes to demolish distinctions. The parson, the doctor, the master, must be a "gentleman" to be held in anything but the bitterest contempt. . . . The chimney-sweep, the lamp-lighter, the road-scavenger, felt at liberty to hold cheaply a parson whose father had been a linendraper.

The social experiments of the Rev. Harold Fisher are, however, only the background for the actual story. In order to protect a young girl—stupid, vain, and fickle—from the designs of the gentlemanly scoundrel, Aubrey Poole, schoolmaster at the College, Fisher takes her into his household—as a "companion" to his sister. Criticised by the parish, he boldly announces that he is going to marry the girl. So fickle is the latter that, on the very morning after hearing the banns of her marriage with the Rector published, she allows herself to be enticed into the clutches of the man from whom she sought Harold's protection. Compromising Aubrey, however, she frees his *fiancée*—Amanda Chatterhouse—from an irksome engagement, and the end of the story is Fisher's union with this young lady—an altogether more suitable match. Thin as is this material, the story never flags in interest. The silly girl, Daisy Meers, is a most realistic creation, while Aubrey Poole is one of the smoothest and most life-like types of gentlemanly scoundrel that has been given us since Eugene Wrayburn. Amanda is a somewhat unconvincing and rather boring heroine; but Fisher is strong in sincerity and purpose. The snobbish element is cleverly and satirically portrayed.

A Greek Soul

If Mr. Richard le Gallienne's body lies a——if the fixed abode of the author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl" is W. 45th Street, N.Y., it is consoling to be reminded that his Greek soul goes marching on. There had been rumours about him. As, in the beginning, he (in the words of "Who's Who") "abandoned business for literature," so, it had been whispered, he had now abandoned literature for business. *The Painted Shadow* (Short Stories, John Lane: 6*s.*) gives the lie to the suggestion. Mr. Le Gallienne is as exotic, as fantastic, as idealistic as ever. America has not seared his soul. He sings and sighs, as of yore, of ideally beauteous women and youths, and of men who are by no means bad-looking. In his characterisation he is as strongly appreciative of hair as Mr. Frank Richardson is otherwise of whiskers. Of a hero or a heroine, he tells you, exultantly, that she (or he) had hair, just as Mr. Richardson, of a villain, tells you, also exultantly, that he (or she) had whiskers. The contrast is notable, if only as showing how like, after all, when you come to analyse them, are the desperately unlike. *The Painted Shadow* is valuable as the touch of a vanished hand: a voice that is still. The longest and most distinctive of the stories is "The Youth of Lady Constantia." It is interesting as presenting the Person of Perennial Youth—our old friends, Margrave, Ayesha, and Dorian Grey—in yet another light. As for the other stories, in the 'nineties, one might have gushed at the imagery of these. In this decade one smiles at its childishness, and marvels at its good fortune in still retaining to its service so trusty and so gifted a pen as Mr. Le Gallienne.

A Study in Incapacity

A taste of Chicago made the Lithuanians of Mr. Sinclair's "Jungle" sigh for their native Russia; one might have thought that Maxim Gorky's experiences of the land of liberty would have lessened his solicitude for the Moujik at home. However, *Comrades* (Hodder: 6*s.*) shows him to be as concerned for him as ever. As usual, this is a study of the oppression and degradation of labour as it is done under the Tsar. It is all very dreadful. Gorky symbolizes degradation by the use of an irresistibly degraded literary style. To make us realise weariness, he wearies us. *Comrades* enforces on the reader, not so much a sense of the oppression under which the Russian workman labours, as his apparent impotence to free himself from it. If, however, Pavel, and the other Socialists with incredible names, are peculiarly futile in their methods

of advocating freedom, equally futile, apparently, are the authorities in their methods of suppressing it. *Comrades* is a study in incapacity: it shows us agitators incapable of agitation, and oppressors incapable of oppressing. This story of rival incapacities in conflict makes about the most maddeningly tedious narrative that was ever penned. The leading character is Pavel's mother, who, beaten and kicked by her late husband, has lived for forty years incapable of realising the awfulness of her political condition. Her son's adoption of Socialism gradually reveals the truth to her. She becomes herself an agitator, and after arrest and trial, she and her son are both sentenced to exile. The mother, however, makes a frenzied outburst in prison, and is killed by a gendarme. As melodrama, *Comrades* is hopeless. There is no scene in it calculated to rouse the slightest of thrills. The tyrannical oppressors seem mild enough men, and the revelation that they are privately addicted to drink and debauchery fails to arouse any special loathing, for there are men of that kind in civilised countries—even, say, in free England and free America. The fact that, at the end, the agitators are punished fails to arouse horror. If their lives at home are so degraded as they are shown to be, then exile—or even such a death as that met by the woman — can scarcely be so very hideous a doom. Gorky's book convinces me that stories of Russian oppression can be very much better done by Englishmen. His presentation of the "real thing" seems thin and pallid compared with the evidence of things unseen given us by, say, Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Le Queux.

Photo Illustrations Bureau
Mr. Anthony Hope
Whose "Tales of Two People" is issued by Methuen: 6*s.*

Authors of the Autumn: A Tonsorial Contrast

Photo Mendelssohn
Mr. Richard le Gallienne
Whose "The Painted Shadow" is issued by Mr. John Lane: 6*s.*

Hymn-Maiming in the Midlands

A bad case of hymn-maiming has been discovered at Beckingham (Notts). A jagged wound has been inflicted by the Beckingham Council Schools on the popular children's hymn, "All Things Bright and Beautiful," which is now ordered to be sung *minus* the beautiful verse:

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate,
> God made them high and lowly
> And ordered their estate.

As to who is responsible for this stab in the back of snobbery, this laceration of the flesh of fatalism, I know not. If, however, political theories are going to be allowed to interfere with our hymnal, there is no knowing what havoc may not be wreaked. But, hold! Light dawns upon me. A great thought rankles.

Why Not Hymn-ericks?

Let the outrages continue; let the whole hymnal be riddled with holes; and let the task of filling the vacancies with unobjectionable verses be open to public competition. Let the authorities avail themselves of the poetical genius (and the sixpences) of the millions who are now writing Limerick lines. After paying suitable prizes to winners, a substantial sum might be deducted for educational purposes, to the great relief of the ratepayer. Will Mr. McKenna please note?

Enthusiasm Run Riot

Writing about Mr. A. G. Fox-Davies, *M.A.P.* refers to his novels, "The Dangerville Inheritance," "The Mauleverer Murderers," and "The Average Man," as "three of the best and most enthralling stories of this class that it has been one's spellbound delight to read for many a day." But whose "spellbound delight"? If that of the paragraphist (which I strongly doubt), he must be the most easily enthralled, the most simply spellbound of gentle readers that ever gently read.

Mr. Anthony Hope

In *Tales of Two People* (Methuen: 6*s.*), Mr. Anthony Hope reminds us, in a batch of delightful short stories, of his many manners. "Helen's Path" and "The Duke's Allotment" re-introduce us to the whimsical nobleman with an eye to fantasie and adventure. "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess" is an altogether lovable little story of a Royal young lady who came down in the world, and then, suddenly, went up in it again. "Love's Logic" is reminiscent of the Dolly Dialogue style. Altogether, a delightful budget of Anthony Hope pretty well at his best.

Overheard at the Author's Club

AUTHOR (*ruefully*): "You didn't say much about my book!"

REVIEWER (*blandly*): My dear fellow, pray don't thank me!"

VIVIAN CARTER.

A Book of Movement

Two American millionaires at loggerheads, a beautiful English maiden of the conventional story-book type, a susceptible naval officer, and an unlimited supply of nondescript factotums in the aforesaid Yankees' service, comprise the *dramatis personæ* of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's latest book, *The Privateers* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The young lady to whom one of the millionaires is engaged is kidnapped from the Isle of Wight by the second millionaire in order to try to force his hand in a business deal, and Millionaire No. 1, accompanied by a naval lieutenant of two days' acquaintance, gives chase. The narrative takes the reader at express speed to a mysterious château in Brittany, where the lady is incarcerated, a hair-breadth escape, hand-to-hand fights on the beach and on shipboard, and, in fact, there is enough "incident" in the two hundred odd pages to serve for half a dozen novels. In the end, Millionaire No. 1 is drowned, and the lieutenant is able to marry the girl, with whom he has meantime fallen in love. The outstanding feature of the story is the quickness of its movement and the kaleidoscopic changes which each turn of the page brings about. Though not up to Mr. Watson's usual level, the story is readable, and will appeal to the victim of ennui. H. P.

Golf Notes and Notions

"A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, from 1754—1900"

(*William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London*: 1907)

Just at present, when the authority of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is once more a subject of discussion in the golfing world, a history of that Club from its inception to the year 1900 comes at the right juncture. The work which I am reviewing is from the pen of my old friend, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, who is, I need hardly say, an authority of wide reputation on all that pertains to golf, an erudite scholar, and the happy possessor of a cultured and refined style of writing. The present volume is mostly made up of articles that have already appeared in *Golf Illustrated*, with the addition of a chapter by Mr. James Cunningham, in which that well-known player elaborates his favourite thesis as to the Dutch origin of the game. This chapter, however interesting in itself, seems to me out of place in a history of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, for, whatever be the case as regards the Dutch origin of the game, this much is certain—that the Royal and Ancient Club does not owe its inception to anyone or anything Dutch.

Mr. H. S. C. Everard

The author of a history of the St. Andrews Club, which is reviewed on this page

Reproduced by courtesy of the Editor of "Golf Illustrated"

A Famous Picture

Except that I think it is a pity he published his articles first and then constructed his history out of them, I have nothing but praise for the way in which Mr. Everard has handled his interesting theme. He traces the history of the Club from the day in May, 1754, when twenty-two "noblemen and gentlemen, being admirers of the ancient and healthfull exercise of the golf," met together and drafted certain articles and laws in playing "the golf," right up to the beginning of the present century. The text is enriched by some admirable reproductions of the portrait studies by Mr. Lees for his famous picture of an old foursome at St. Andrews, so well known to all golfers, and by some most interesting and hitherto unpublished early photographs of golfing incidents and celebrities in the old days at St. Andrews. I was much delighted to find that the frontispiece consists of a photograph of my uncle, Robert Chambers, jun., in the act of putting at the finish of the first amateur tournament held at St. Andrews in 1858, a tournament which he won. Mr. Everard, however, has made no mention of this tournament in his text, an omission which I trust he will rectify in future editions.

A Few Errors

There are one or two slight mistakes which should be corrected. The date "1776" at the bottom of p. 68 should evidently be 1766. On p. 131 the word "is" in the fifth line should be "are." On p. 176 in line fifteen there is an omission of a "not" which is necessary for the sense of the sentence.

On p. 212, in speaking of the new and revised edition of the rules made in 1882, Mr. Everard states that this edition remained in force until superseded by the code recently compiled by the Rules of Golf Committee. This, of course, is not correct, as is shown subsequently on pp. 243-4, where the code of 1891 is being discussed, which superseded that of 1882.

The statement, too, on p. 216 that the offer of the Captaincy of the Club to Mr. Whyte-Melville for a second time is a unique instance is hardly correct in view of the same offer which was made recently to Mr. R. T. Cathcart just before his death.

The Unplayable Ball

I was pleased to find the old rule as to unplayable balls quoted on page 150. This rule was made in 1852, and deals with the case of a ball in a hole or place considered unplayable by the player. If his adversary consented, he was allowed to lift the ball, drop it in the hazard, and lose a stroke. But if his adversary considered the ball playable, he was permitted to demonstrate this by playing the ball himself. If he succeeded in extricating it in two strokes, then the player had to go on playing the ball, the two strokes played by the adversary counting as those of the player. If the adversary failed to get the ball out in two strokes, then the player lifted and dropped with the penalty of one stroke, as previously stated. I have gone at length into this rule, as I had an animated discussion with some old golfers recently at Sandwich, who one and all laughed at my assertion that some such rule as the above was once in force. The relations of the Union Parlour and the Royal and Ancient Club might be made more clear. I was unable myself to make out by whom the Club-house was actually built, whether by the Royal and Ancient or the Union Parlour Club. Perhaps Mr. Everard will see his way, in a future edition, to define a little more clearly the rather confusing history of the two institutions, so that the reader may know exactly how they stood the one to the other. The book is a charming and necessary addition to the golfer's library, and is a mine of interesting information on golf at St. Andrews. I can most heartily commend its purchase.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

CRICKET

The South Africans Have Finished

With the drawn match against an eleven of England at Scarborough, the South Africans' tour came to an end last Wednesday. Seeing that it happened to come in a season which has been the worst for several years, and that the South Africans, on their arrival in England, made no secret of the fact that they were hoping for a season of hard, dry wickets, it has certainly been a successful one, although the primary object of the tour, a victory in the Test matches, has not been achieved. And even in the Test matches they were within an ace of winning the rubber. The first and third matches were drawn, and therefore the second (in the light of subsequent events) was the real decider. In this match they certainly had the worst of the luck, and yet, in spite of this, they were, at one time, in a really favourable position for winning, but threw the chance away by developing a sudden weakness in batting which was quite out of keeping with their usual thoroughness. And so England won the match. In the third match, again, the luck, if anything, favoured England, and, as I remarked at the time, the fact that the rubber went to England proved nothing. The general expectation was that England *would* win the rubber, and so we did, but not in such a way as to suggest that we were appreciably the stronger side.

The Growth of the "Googly"

I suppose this general expectation was due, in the main, to the fact that the public looks first to the batting strength of a side and is rather apt to ignore its bowling; and as far as batting goes there was every indication that the South Africans were not as well off as ourselves. They were a fine side without being a great one; there was no one in their ranks comparable with such giants of the game as Trumper and Noble; and, consequently, men said, "They are not so dangerous as the Australians." Perhaps they were not, but some allowance must be made for the pitches on which they had to play. And then what about their bowling? In bowling they were something more

Photo *Breach*

The South of England Lawn Tennis Tournament at Eastbourne: G. W. Hillyard and J. Ganzoni in the Open Singles

One of the last lawn tennis tournaments of the year was in full swing at Eastbourne last week. Among the many spectators during the course of the events were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, this being one of the Duke's first appearances in public since his recent illness

than a fine side, and, moreover, a unique one, and they will probably go down to posterity as the first team who treated "googly" bowling as a science to be cultivated, and really made it pay. Of the two who bowled most regularly, R. O. Schwartz and H. E. Vogler, the former took 153 wickets at an average cost of under twelve runs per wicket, and the latter ten fewer for an average of about fifteen. G. C. White and G. A. Faulkner have also averages which show them to be of the best, and all these four men, in varying degrees, are conversant with the mysteries of the "googly." England may, perhaps, claim to have originated the "googly," but South Africa appears to have made a careful study of it. Are we going to "get left" here, too?

LAWN TENNIS

A New Star

The young Frenchman, Robert Wallet, played so well at the Dinard Tournament that many people thought he would beat not only Flavelle—which he did after a very tough match—but Eaves as well. However, "the doctor" went into strict training the night before the match by going to bed as early as 2 a.m., and not only happened to be in his best form, but also paid his young adversary the compliment of going all out (after dropping the first few games) for the match, which he won quite comfortably. But Wallet won the Doubles, playing with Flavelle, and also two firsts in the handicaps, so that it was quite his tournament. I can remember Wallet playing on the courts at Dinard ever since he was not much taller than a single-post, and he is a living instance of the advantage of beginning young. Though he has shot up tremendously, he is still not much more than a boy, and will undoubtedly be very much heard of again if he sticks to it.

A Fine Finale

One of the best Singles of the whole season was that between Gore and Roper Barrett in the final of the Hythe Championship last Saturday. Both men were in tip-top form, and in the first two sets, each won by Barrett at 6—4, the pace was so fast that it seemed inevitable that one or the other (if not both) would presently be played to a standstill. As a matter of fact, they were not very far off it when the end came. In the third set, won by Gore at 6—4, the pace slowed down a bit, and in the fourth Barrett appeared to be co lared, for Gore led at 5—2. Here, however, Barrett got going again in a remarkable way, while Gore, in turn, began to show signs of cracking. Gradually Barrett drew up to five all, and eventually, after a desperate duel, too the set at 9—7, and the match by three sets to one. Both were completely cooked at the finish, and if Gore had won the fourth set I doubt whether the match would have been played out. It was quite a pleasant surprise, for neither man had been showing particularly good form previously during the week; but there is no doubt whatever about the quality of their tennis on Saturday afternoon. It was absolutely first-rate, and some of the winner's shots in the second set, which was the best of the four, were quite marvellous. I have never seen anyone take the ball forehanded late and on the run better than he did, except, perhaps, Willoughby Hamilton. The placing was too good for there to be very much volleying, and it would be interesting to know how many miles the two ran in the course of the match. Of the two, I fancy that Gore did the most, owing to the clever use which Barrett made of the drop-shot, and that this told upon Gore in the fourth set. The match lasted altogether two hours and twenty minutes—a pretty good time for four sets.

A Meeting with a Future

The entries at Hythe compared very favourably with those at the older and more revered Eastbourne meeting—in point of quality of course; for in point of numbers Eastbourne is quite unapproachable. Eastbourne had a stronger entry of ladies than Hythe, where the best player according to the book, Mrs. Winch, unexpectedly went down to Miss M. Coles. But, as a prominent competitor at Hythe put it, the six best men in the Singles at Hythe could have taken on the six best men at Eastbourne (Brookes did not play in the Singles) and bustled them, and after last week's success there can be little doubt that the tournament may be regarded as firmly established, though I should doubt whether its pays directly owing to the comparative smallness of the "gate." I don't fancy, either, that anything will come of the suggestion that it should be held in future a week later, so as not to clash with Eastbourne, though, if it were, I should not be surprised to see the entry double itself. In that event, the tournament would need quite five or six more courts, for the total number of matches to be played would be six hundred or more. By the way, the prevailing impression that Hythe is an inaccessible place is quite erroneous. The train service from London is not, of course, as good as that to Folkestone, but there are several trains each way which do the journey in about two hours, and they keep far better time than the much-abused S.E. and C.R. is ordinarily credited with. There is also an excellent service of motor char-a-bancs between Folkestone and Hythe, and many Hythe competitors stay at Folkestone and motor to and fro, though I, personally, find it difficult to resist the attractions of the Hotel Imperial, which is worth living in if only for its delightful situation and surroundings.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" WEATHER "TIPS"

Wednesday, Sept. 18, to Tuesday, Sept. 24, inclusive.

WEATHER ANTICIPATION FOR THE BRITISH ISLES AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Wednesday, 18th: Fine, with very cool air.

Thursday, 19th: Going for wind and wet.

Friday, 20th, and Saturday, 21st: Showery, mild.

Sunday, 22nd, Monday, 23rd, and Tuesday, 24th: Fair, mild.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE FOR THE FOLLOWING WEEK.—Commencing on the afternoon of Tuesday, 24th inst., a short spell of severely wintry weather is confidently expected, and preparation should be made for some three days of frost and fog, with slight snowfall locally.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Racing Round the Brooklands Track at Night

Why not a 500-mile reliability trial for small cars costing, complete, under £200? There is, undoubtedly, a large future for the small car whose total cost is below this figure, inclusive of everything, for such a car, if reliable, meets the requirements of the man whose income is between £500 and £1,000. There are several firms at the present moment making a bold bid for the "moderate man market," among which the best are: The Rover 6 h.-p. single-cylinder, £130; the Starling 6 h.-p., £120 complete; the Riley 9 h.-p., a two-cylinder compact little car, price £168; the Ford Junior four-cylinder, an American car, price £165; and the Phœnix 8 h.-p. two-cylinder car, price £140. If the Royal Automobile Club would conduct a reliability trial of about five hundred miles, including some good hill-climbs, for cars of this description, the results would be watched with interest by a large and intelligent section of the public. The day will come—and sooner than anticipated—when everyone who can possibly afford it will recognise the necessity of owning a car. But, though a small car may cost a small price, the prospective purchaser wants some assurance that his money is not being thrown away, and that he may, in a modest way, have enjoyment out of his car in the same way as his wealthier brother.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XLIV.: His Grace the Duke of Westminster

As great a patron of motoring as of the Turf, the Duke of Westminster owns a large stud of cars, and drives himself

By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

The Chairman of the London General Omnibus Company, by far our biggest public conveyance concern, had a sorry tale to tell the shareholders, no less than £52,413 having been lost on the half-year's trading. Now why is this? Is it because, as some wiseacres declare, the motor-'bus is not yet sufficiently adapted for its purpose? The traffic in London, and the horrible manner in which motor-'bus drivers rip their gears, does certainly account for the frequent manner in which motor-'buses get out of order, but this does not explain away the difficulty, for motor-'bus services are now running generally throughout the country, and in places other than London they manage to make a profit for their owners.

* * *

For the first six months of this year the various London transport companies actually conveyed over twelve million persons less than during the corresponding period of last year. Examining into this more closely, we find that the "Tubes" (excepting the Central London, which shows a falling-off of over two million passengers) have increased their number of passengers by, roughly, four and a half millions. The Metropolitan and the District Railways, especially the latter, have dropped considerably, but the largest drop has been with the omnibus companies. What influence the electric tramways have on the subject cannot be ascertained, but, looking at the afore-mentioned facts, the only explanation evident is that the public appear more partial to "Tubes" and less to the underground railways and the 'buses. Now, since no one travels by the "Tubes" for pleasure, the assumption is that the public appreciates rapidity in arriving at its destination. The electrified underground railways, on the other hand, hang about the stations in a way no self-respecting "Tube" would tolerate, while you never know how long you may have to wait for your train. In short, there is not that "hustle," that feverish desire to save every possible moment, which we so much appreciate on the "Tubes."

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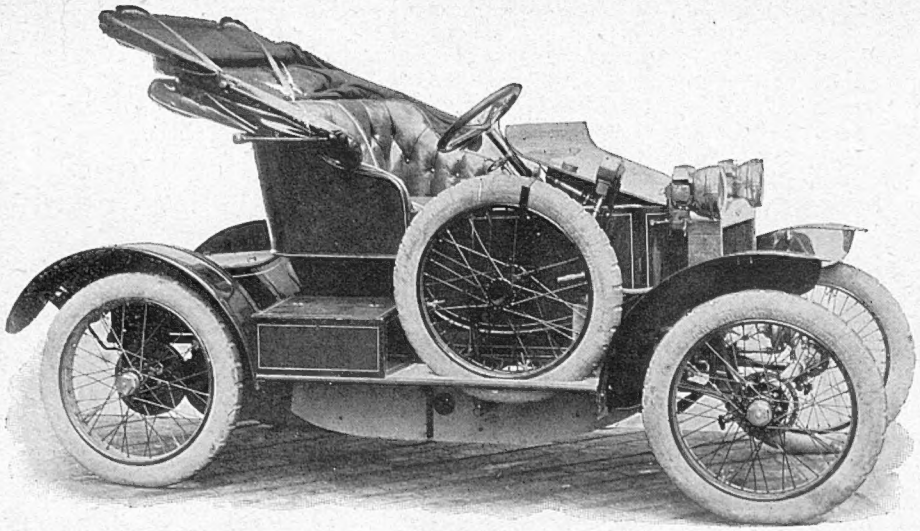
With the omnibuses the case is different. Their drivers "hustle" all right when they can, but the congested state of the traffic is growing so bad that they are compelled to move along at a crawling speed over great portions of their route. Here, I think, we have the main reason, if not the only one, why the public is deserting the 'buses. Time is of value to us all, and to be shaken up by a jarring motor-'bus,

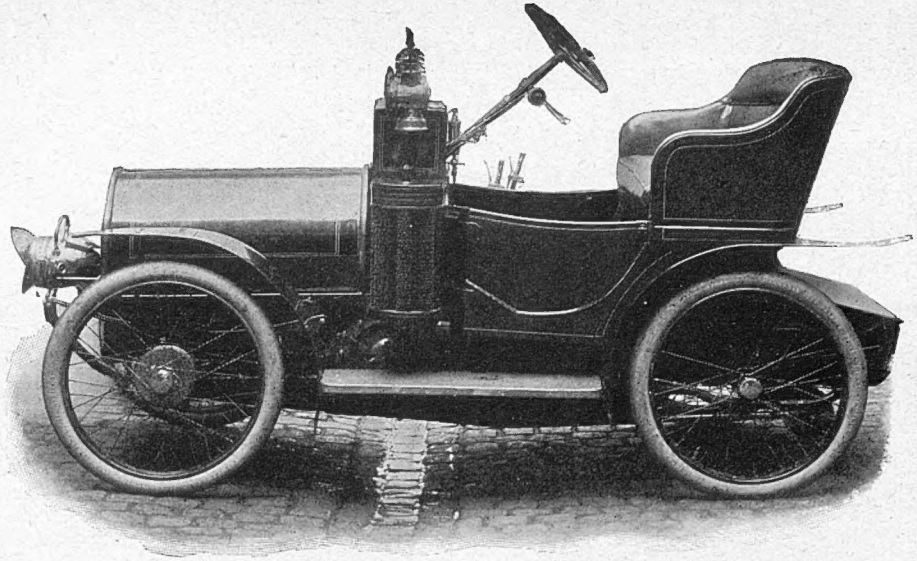
18-28 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, hood, shield, special body, detachable tonneau, £425; 10-12 H.-P. PEUGEOT, 1906, side entrance, gate change, hood, and shield, £275.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

We are exhibiting the famous WESTINGHOUSE 20-30 h.-p. live-axle and 35-40 h.-p. chain-driven Cars on Stand 7 at the Olympia Show in November.—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.



The 9 h.-p. Two-Cylinder "Riley," costing £168

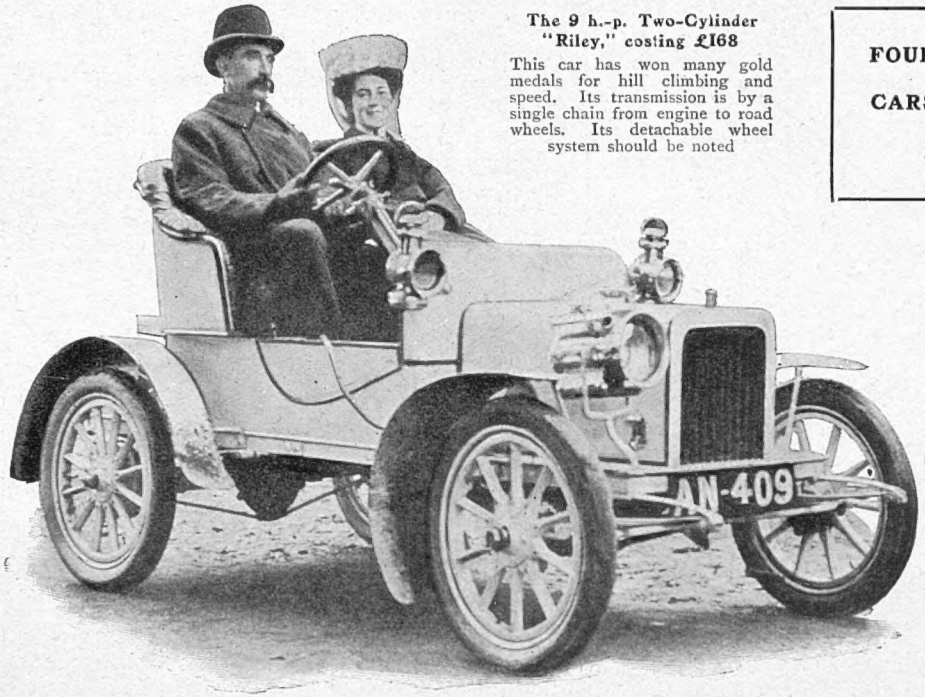
This car has won many gold medals for hill climbing and speed. Its transmission is by a single chain from engine to road wheels. Its detachable wheel system should be noted



The 8 h.-p. Two-Cylinder "Phœnix," costing £140

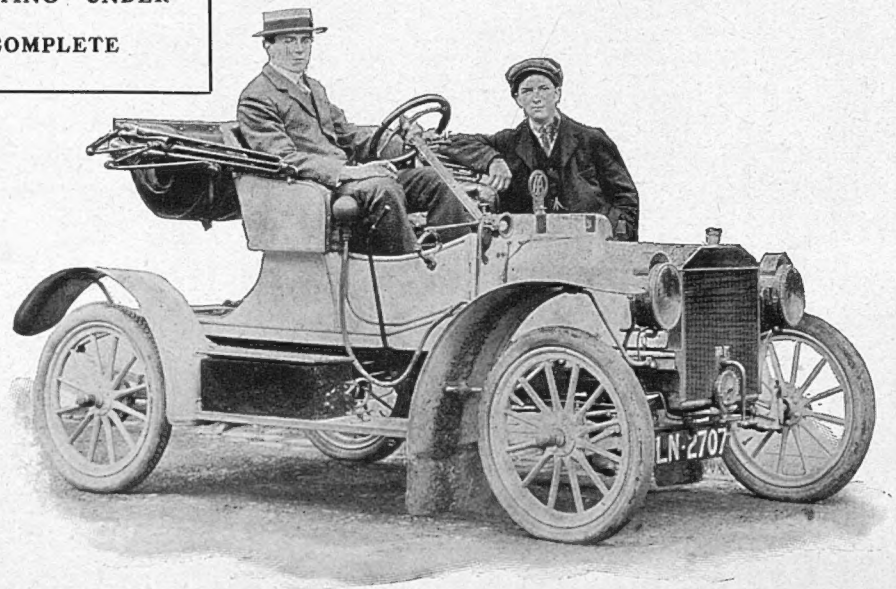
Each cylinder has its separate radiator shown near the dashboard. In tests conducted by Messrs. O'Gorman and Cozens-Hardy, it ran 45 miles to the gallon of petrol. It has attained a speed of 31.30 miles per hour. Its transmission is by centre chain drive

FOUR RELIABLE SMALL CARS, COSTING UNDER £200 COMPLETE



The 6 h.-p. Single-Cylinder "Rover," costing £130

This small car is undoubtedly the most popular of the single cylinder variety, its transmission being by cardan shaft. Although a single cylinder, the engine is very silent. The same chassis, with wire wheels, small tyres, and a cheaper body, can be bought for 100 guineas



The 10 h.-p. Four-Cylinder "Ford Junior," costing £165

The Ford is an American pattern, and has been very successful in the various competitions it has entered for in England. Its transmission is direct to a live axle. It is far and away the cheapest four-cylinder car on the market, and is a pretty little vehicle in every way. A model de luxe is sold for 200 guineas

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THE PHRASING LEVER "The Heart of the Angelus," as it has been well called, puts life and vitality into the music the ANGELUS plays, reflecting the greatest depths of artistic feeling, or the lightest passing fancy of the player, making the ANGELUS human under his touch.

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unique combination of Two World-renowned Instruments. The established reputation and high standard of the ANGELUS Player and BRINSMEAD Piano ensure pre-eminent artistic qualities of tone, expression, and the perfection of touch and repetition, also the maximum of reliability and durability. The ANGELUS is also embodied in Pianos by several other eminent makers.

THE ANGELUS PIANO-PLAYER

in cabinet form will play any Piano, and can be removed from the Piano in a moment. It is beautiful in design and appearance, and contains all the exclusive features of the ANGELUS. The ANGELUS gives you the means of playing your own Piano perfectly, placing you on a level with the greatest Pianist.

You are invited to call, or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 72.

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THE PIANOLA PIANO

Met with immediate success on its introduction five years ago. Since then its sale regularly increases every week. The reason is not far to seek.

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The Pianola, with the Metrostyle, is built into the case of the Pianola Piano in such a way that it does not alter the appearance and musical qualities of the piano when played by hand, and yet is instantly available for the rendering, by music-rolls, of any given composition. The Pianola is instantly responsive to the will of the performer, who exercises the fullest control, and the Metrostyle shows how a difficult piece should be rendered, for great musicians have provided reproduceable interpretations.

The Pianola Piano can be obtained in several models, and ordinary pianos will be taken in part exchange. There is also a system of Easy Payments which makes the possession of a Pianola a possibility for all.

Catalogue **B** gives full particulars. Write for it.

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and also to take a long time to reach our destination, is very galling, and so people prefer a surer and quicker route. How long are we going to wait for a traffic authority to deal scientifically with the congestion of the traffic, now really becoming serious, since there is scarcely a thoroughfare, even in a side street, where traffic is not reduced to a walking-pace?

* * *

The problem of the *decrease* in passengers still faces us, however, unless we assume that pedestrianism is greatly on the increase. Lord Montagu, in the course of an interesting article in *The Car*, arrives at some startling conclusions to explain away the twelve million less passengers in six months. Social London, he says, is on the decline, and the season a thing of the past. Fewer people from the country come up to London to reside, while better railway arrangements and motors enable flying visits to be made sufficiently lengthy to do what shopping is required. The week-end exodus, he adds, increases every year, as well as the number of people who live out of London, but go up to Town for their business. In fact, London is becoming, like Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, and Birmingham, a workshop, not a residential city. Its erstwhile citizens are getting tired of its noises, its smells, its expenses, its congested streets, and its high rates, and there is a growing disinclination to visit it unless business calls. And the only way to make it more bearable, to render its streets less suffocating and overcrowded, is to elect a traffic authority which will deal with the problem.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Novel Advertisement

The Palmer tyre car now taking part in the R.A.C. commercial trials. The van's body is made in exact imitation of the Palmer cord tyre

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Miscellanea

An otherwise successful meeting at Brooklands on Saturday was marred by a fatal accident to Mr. Vincent Herman on a Minerva. A remarkable photograph of the mishap appears on p. 576.

The Motor Union has decided to assist motorists in disposing of their second-hand motor-cars, and has accepted the offer of one of its members, who is the proprietor of the Baker Street Carriage Bazaar, to place his establishment, which has an extensive floor space, at the disposal of th Union for one week during the autumn of this year. The Union has selected the last week in October as the most suitable date, being just prior to the Motor-car Exhibition at Olympia (November 11 to 23). The Union is in no way financially involved in the scheme. Cars can be placed for sale by private treaty during the selected week, and one or two days will be set apart for a public auction. No fee or commission will be payable in respect of the standing, sale, or interchange of cars. Further particulars and conditions of the scheme can be obtained from the Motor Union, 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W., whose subscription is only 10*s.* 6*d.* to the end of the year.

The success of the Hutchinson Tyres has again been definitely proved in both the greatest races of the year. In the Pekin-Paris (a 9,000 miles run), the Spyker car on Hutchinson Tyres arrived, having covered a distance of 7,500 miles from Pekin to Moscow with the same set of tyres on the back wheels. 7,500 miles for plain tyres on the back wheels of a car is good under any circumstances, but, taking into consideration the state of the roads over which this run has been made, the distance is almost unsurpassed for one set of tyres.

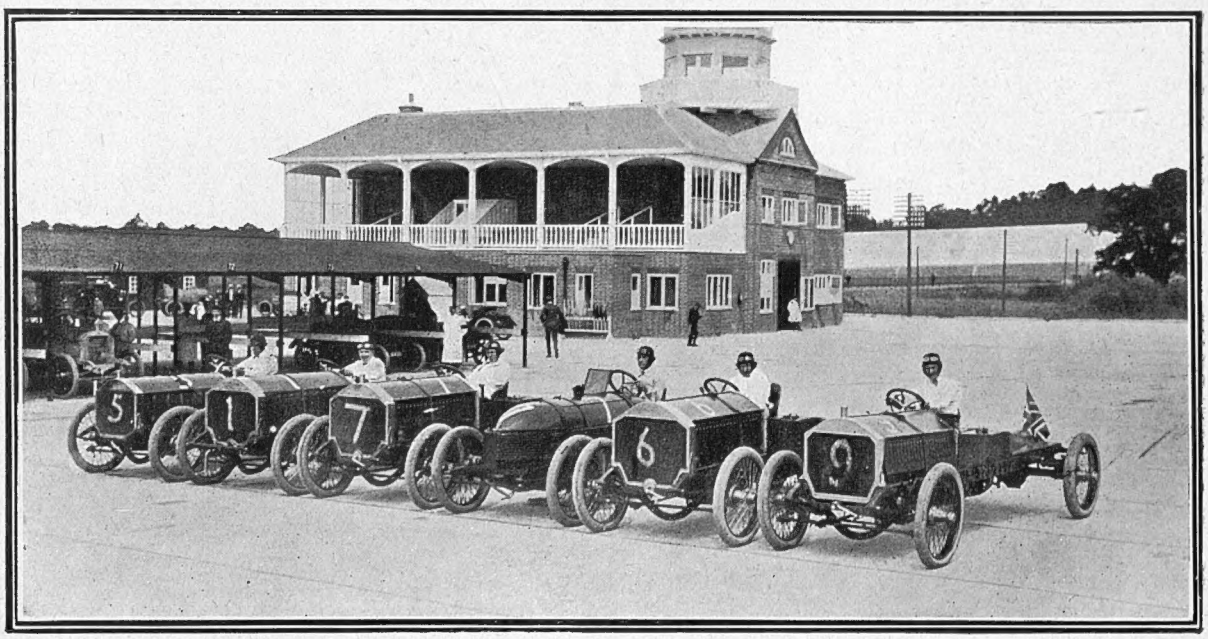

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

A Team of Six-cylinder Racing Napiers at Brooklands

That he has sold a great number of cars during the dull season of the year, Mr. S. F. Edge attributes almost entirely to his successes at the Brooklands meetings